5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

WE were sitting about the fire in the lodge on Two Medicine. Double Runner, Small Leggings, Mad Wolf, and the Little Blackfoot were smoking and talking, and I was writing in my note-book. As I put aside the book, and reached out my hand for the pipe, Double Runner bent over and picked up a scrap of printed paper, which had fallen to the ground. He looked at it for a moment without speaking, and then, holding it up and calling me by name, said: —

"*Pi-nut-ú-ye is-tsim-okan*, this is education. Here is the difference between you and me, between the Indians and the white people. You know what this means. I do not. If I did know, I should be as smart as you. If all my people knew, the white people would not always get the best of us."

"*Nisah* (elder brother), your words are true. Therefore you ought to see that your children go to school, so that they may get the white man's knowledge. When they are men, they will have to trade with the white people; and if they know nothing, they can never get rich. The times have changed. It will never again be as it was when you and I were young."

"You say well, *Pi-nut-ú-ye is-tsim-okan*, I have seen the days; and I know it is so. The old things are passing away, and the children of my children will be like white people. None of them will know how it used to be in their father's days unless they read the things which we have told you, and which you are all the time writing down in your books."

"They are all written down, *Nisah*, the story of the three tribes, Sik-si-kau, Kainah, and Pikŭni."

[p. x is blank]

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

John knows much about the old religion, the societies and the Indian social activities, but he does not have the experience, status and authority to use this knowledge. He too talks of "his people," the full-blood group that once lived near each other on one part of the reservation and who still called that region home. He called the elderly man from that area "chief" and told of the important things the old man knew. Arrowhead speaks both Blackfeet and English and during conversation with me would break off in midsentence to greet a passer-by in the Blackfeet language, then resume our discussion in English. His English is adequate, but spoken with an accent and with occasional grammatical errors, usually in tense and gender, that indicate that English has been learned as a second language. He said that this was the case—he and his family spoke Blackfeet when he was growing up and his English had been learned in school.

John claims to have been a "great dancer" and a "champion" singer, but was always on the fringe of the crowd at the Indian dances and ceremonies that I witnessed. He was present, watching, often helping in some necessary but menial task, but was never in costume, never participating in dances or rituals. He knew what was going on and would describe and explain the proceedings to me. John would tell stories about the power and importance of the old ways. He believes these powers, one sensed, but he does not participate in the rituals concerning them. He does not play a significant part either in Indian social activities or in non-Indian community life. His social role remains unclear to me; he is, it seems, a bystander, one of the crowd, a man for an occasional job, but more often categorized by his acquaintances as a "good worker but a wino," a man of whom they have limited expectations.

Conversation with Arrowhead seems to confirm this view. He can not place himself. His talk is mostly of the past, of travel, work, or *past* participation in Indian dancing, singing or ceremony. He *had* been a "champion dancer . . . a good bronc rider." The highlights of his past may have become embellished by imagination. He took me on a tour of "his land" to show with pride "his cattle, his horses, his house." I knew, and he knew that I knew, that the land was his, but the house and stock belonged to another man who leased the land. In the situation of relating to a white man, at least, the need for status is more impelling than sticking to the facts.

Questions about the future draw a blank. The future lies just beyond tomorrow: "I've got a job coming up herding cattle." He evidently expects tomorrow to be like today. "I'll look for you if you come back next summer," he said, "I'll be around." He gives no clues as to further concern for what might lie ahead.

In contemplation of the past he rarely goes beyond his own experience. On occasion he vaulted back to a "Golden Age," a legendary past he and his friends accept of the trouble-free days of the Indian before the white man came. Then everybody lived well and had plenty to eat. They never became sick and lived long lives. "They didn't fight all the time either." Buffalo Heart, with all his belief in the traditional culture never went back that far. He tried to retain Indian ways of a life that his father had known; he found the better days to be those that began to disappear with the buffalo. Arrowhead holds no hope for a miraculous return of his Golden Age; Buffalo Heart, on the other hand, clung to the hope, it

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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Sound and a variety of sub-standard housing can be found together in some sections of Browning.

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seemed, of retaining, if not regaining, some aspects of his better life. To Arrowhead, those better days are gone, part of what was lost when the white man "took everything from the Indian." The white man has become the scapegoat for all John's ills; he can do nothing about this and evidently expects no changes for the better.

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John rents a small three room shack on Moccasin Flat where he lives with his wife and the younger two of their four children. His wife has made this place quite comfortable in spite of its run-down condition. John said that he also has a house on his land, where he used to live, and to which they sometimes go for a few months during the summer. Some of his friends are unmarried and live with members of their family, some have separated from their wives and have no fixed residence. Most of his close friends are equally improvident, with a life style similar to that of Arrowhead.

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Why does Arrowhead not participate in the Indian ceremonies about which he knows so much? He is, he said, a Catholic, but seldom goes to church. How much does he understand of Christianity? How much does he believe in the old religion? Along with these questions, yet to be answered, are others. What factors contribute to the apparent differences between Arrowhead and Buffalo Heart? In what ways are they similar? Are the differences and similarities to be explained by age, skills, experience, education, or what? These same questions arise again and again as these men are compared with other tribal members.

I met several other older men, in ranch dress, who came to town once a week or so. One, Roy Conrad, age sixty-eight, is a farmer from the east side of

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the reservation who comes to town to shop, get his mail, and conduct business with the council or the agency. He and his sons farm on a small scale but he feels that they are economically independent. Roy takes an active interest in the tribal affairs, and while he has some knowledge of the past Indian culture—much of which he had learned from others in the past few years—Roy is more concerned with the recent past of the Indian, the relationships among the tribe, the agency and the tribal council. He told about the successes and failures of the various government programs and assessed the strengths and shortcomings of the various agents and superintendents who had represented the Bureau of Indian Affairs over the past forty years. He felt that the best days were those before 1934, before the Wheeler-Howard Act gave many political and economic powers to the tribe. His "Golden Age" falls in the early 1920s when a "good" agent acted as a "father" to the people and set the full-bloods to farming. "Everybody had a small ranch or farm, lived on it, and were doing all right." Since then, the council has taken over, the farm program died out, liquor has been admitted to the reservation and "ruined the young people." The full-blood has "lost out; the white man has taken over the best lands, and the whole tribe has gone down hill."

Roy is an occasional observer at the Indian Days festivities but takes no active part. He thinks that these affairs and the money spent for them are time consuming and wasteful. The people would be better off if the time and money were spent for getting themselves established on farms or ranches. Farming requires steady work with little time left over for hanging around town, dancing, drinking, and visiting.

Like Buffalo Heart and Arrowhead, Roy is a full-blood Blackfeet, and I met others who share his attitudes. Some of these are less successful economically than Roy, and are in town less frequently. Bob Sorrel Horse is one of these. He lacks the drive and, as he lamented, the capital with which to realize the "dream" he has of building a small ranch. "I think a lot when I'm alone. I have this dream to get some money and fix this place up right—a nice house and a good place. First I'd get electricity in to pump the water. I had planned to remodel the house—my father built this a long time ago—to have a place I'm not ashamed of." The dream has not been realized, but I was impressed by the order he maintains around his log cabin and by the effort that has gone into the utilization of the little Bob has.

Because these men are seldom in town, I did not get to know them well enough to assess their cultural backgrounds, but did gather that they had had the opportunity, in their families and during their childhood and youth, to learn aspects of the traditional Blackfeet culture. They speak Blackfeet as well as good English. The Indian accent, which I can only describe as a rather musical variation in pitch and a fairly explosive phrasing, neither of which conforms to general English speech patterns, but which are more familiar to the speaker of Blackfeet, is slightly noticeable. These men appear to have lived within this more traditional cultural context without having absorbed much of it, and at the same time have striven toward goals of economic success more related to those of western culture. They feel no need to reaffirm, exaggerate, or separate an Indian part of their lives as opposed to a white part. They are Indians. They can be antiwhite in matters

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Blackfeet and his wife is 1/16. He was dressed in the familiar blue denim pants, cowboy shirt, boots, and hat.

The ranch Robert operates belonged to his father who had established the home and herd in 1940. Robert had been given a few cows while he was in school as payment for his work on the ranch. As his father grew older, more and more of the work had been turned over to Robert and his brother, until they have assumed complete charge. His father is dead; his mother lives with him.

What is Indian about Robert? He said he does not speak the language, although his father could. He knows nothing about the old Indian religion, lore, or medicine. He and his parents before him were raised as Catholics and attended church regularly. His great-grandmother was a full-blood Blackfeet, but his father and grandfather had both married white women, so he felt that his home background and training had been no different than it would have been if he had had no Indian ancestors, and had been born and raised on a similar ranch across the reservation line. Because they have lived on the reservation, he and members of his family have picked up, by observation and hearsay, a superficial knowledge of Indians and Indian ways, but he evinced little interest in these things. A few of his relatives have taken an interest in the more formal aspects of pan-Indianism; they participate, for example, in the major Indian Pow Wows such as the annual Indian Encampment at Sheridan, Wyoming. Their participation is limited to marching or riding in the parade, entering a daughter in the Miss American Indian contest, or acting as a judge for this and other contests. They neither camp in the tepee circle nor participate in the dances.

Robert has gone to school with people who are more Indian than he, so he knows many kinds of people. His social activities, however, have been limited to his family and their close friends—people much like himself. He casts Indian problems into one or the other of two contexts. His immediate response to a question about Indians is to talk about reservation problems, of land, leasing, cattle, employment, and of the conflicts between "Indians" (the reservation population) and the "whites" (government officials, white farmers who bought or leased Indian land, and the local merchants). Within this context he is aligned with the tribe and the Indians. When the discussion turns to matters of Indian culture, his focus changes. At times he felt that people should let the Indians live the way they want to. At other times he commented that these beliefs and practices are doomed to extinction and should be helped on their way. The impressive thing was that this does not concern him. He suggested that I call upon some of the "Indians." "They can tell you about this." Within this context, Robert did not see himself as an Indian. What is an Indian? When and under what circumstances do people of mixed-blood see themselves as Indians and when not? Does the full-blood Indian think of people like Robert as Indian or white? Are they considered to be Indian or non-Indian by the white people who live around them?

Robert's recreational activities center around the ranch life. He rarely attends the local Indian Days festivities. He is, however, among the audience at all local rodeos, fairs, and school meetings, and takes part in a few community service projects—those concerned with community development, schools, youth programs, cattle and range management programs.

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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Horse and Buffalo Days: 1850-1880

Introduction

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"PEOPLE LIVED LONG LIVES in the old days before the white man came," said Arrowhead. "They didn't get sick in those days." Earlier I said that he and his friends were recalling a legendary past, but it was more than that. Arrowhead was voicing an old ideal. In both myth and ethnography such phrases are repeated. People prayed for protection in times of trouble, for good health and a long life. Names were given to assure these blessings. Yet people knew that in reality life was often harsh; men faced dangers in the hunt and in war; disease did strike; people became weak and infirm with advancing age. They prayed that they might escape these misfortunes. They knew too that a man would be judged to be less than a man if he failed to avenge the death of a kinsman or comrade, if he were unwilling to risk the dangers of a horse raid to acquire wealth and fame. Hunting too had its dangers, but a man must be a good provider. So children were taught to honor, emulate and support those who faced such dangers, to face up to the real world but to hope and pray for the ideal. This led to a counter view that expressed the recognition of the reality that went hand in hand with the ideal. Young men were told that it was better to die young in prestigious battle than to live on into the tribulations of old age (Grinnell 1907:189–190; Ewers 1958:103, 324). This expression of the old ideal by Arrowhead revealed a bit of the past that lives on in slightly altered form among some members of the Blackfeet tribe today. These inconsistencies were part of the reality of prereservation days, long after Indian life had been affected by European influence, yet before the Blackfeet had fully recognized the immensity of their white man problem.

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The Blackfeet Indians probably saw their first white man during the mid-eighteenth century, and the earliest unqualified extensive record of contact was that of David Thompson, an explorer for the Hudson's Bay Company, who at the age of seventeen, spent the winter of 1787–1788 with a Piegan Blackfeet band along the Bow River in what is now southwestern Alberta (Glover 1962:48). Thomp-

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

tives. Children are wanted, loved but not coddled; no elaborate concern is expressed when they get bumps. Injuries are cared for, assurances given, and then everybody's attention turns to other things.

Babies and young children go wherever their parents go, with little concern shown about feeding and sleeping schedules. Children are at most public gatherings and play about quite freely regardless of the occasion. At one political rally I was sitting behind a young couple who were letting their son play with his father's keys. The rattling of the keys often made it hard to hear what was said, but nobody objected. Several times the keys fell to the floor with a loud clatter. I thought, hopefully, that that would end the game, but each time the father picked up the keys and gave them back to his son. I interpreted this to mean that the child's interests were as important as anyone else's.

A mother might suggest several times that her child share a toy with another, but the matter is dropped if the child is persistent in refusing. Children make many such decisions for themselves, because it is their right to do so. If they get too far out of line they will be ridiculed. This attitude continues throughout their lives. A school official told me about his frustration when a bright young student decided, against his urging, not to go to college. The boy's father was easily convinced and offered to push the case with his son, but returned several days later to report that he had tried. His son had said no, he did not want to go. That ended the matter. White-oriented men reported that their fathers rarely took no for an answer.

Present-day Indian-oriented people still have the strong emotional commitment to their name and self-image that was an attribute of the Blackfeet in the horse and buffalo days. Indian and white informants alike mention jealousy as a strong Indian personality trait and blame this for the inability of the Indian-oriented group to unite in support of any specific program. This self-concern perpetuates shame and gossip as powerful agents of social control. Other contrasting interpretations of individualism become apparent in later descriptions of the requisites for status within the Indian-oriented group.

Bravery, once manifest in war, hunting, and horse raiding, remains a valued characteristic. Ewers noted this in Blackfeet patriotism and their response to World Wars I and II. Many young men enlisted, the relatives of many honored them at a feast, and old men sang war songs and prayed for their success (Ewers 1955:322; 1958:324). Blackfeet continue to serve in our overseas conflicts. But in modern life the opportunities for achieving distinction by the regular exhibition of bravery are limited. This quality contributes to success in occasional fights, sports, and rodeos, and in some kinds of employment—the ranch hand and the fire fighter often have their bravery tested. But it is no longer a chief requisite for economic and social achievement. Other attributes are given greater recognition.

Skill is important today. Because Indian identification is the goal, abilities that contribute to this end are valued by the Indian-oriented; dancing, singing, art, crafts, and oratorical skills are recognized as important to the expression of ethnic identity. Several women are well known for their leather and beading work; the Blackfeet Art Association furthers the work of many tutored and untutored wood carvers and painters.

Regional Summary

105 From this brief description it can be seen that the reservation shares a physical environment greatly similar to that of adjoining regions in Montana, and that its population participates in the life of county, state and nation in much the same way as its surrounding neighbors. The people are United States citizens and share in the United States economy; they work for wages, farm, ranch, and engage in the businesses, services and government familiar to that economy. They all send their children to the public schools, attend similar churches, and have in their midst the usual church, social and civic organizations. With few exceptions they wear the same kind of clothing, live in houses, drive automobiles, and enjoy the same radio and television programs. The expected rural American class structure appears to be present.[39]

101 There are, however, some characteristics that make this area and its people different from the surrounding regions and populations. The major factors contributing to this separation appear to be:

[657] 1. A homeland has been reserved within the country for tribal members and the use and disposal of this land is restricted by governmental regulations.

[641] 2. The tribal members are defined <u>legally</u> as Indians. Like other ethnic groups, Indians are usually recognized by themselves and [829] others as a separate social category. This is the <u>social</u> definition of an ethnic. In addition the Indian has been given a legal status which further sets him apart from the general citizenry.

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[39] The class structure will be analyzed in a later chapter. A A

A A [See Category 116, pp. 189-194--Analyst]

177 or farm enterprise. Only one white-oriented man reported use of
184 welfare.[178]
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These figures, of course, reflect the influence of other factors, such as economic potential, relative age, education, health, and opportunity. But they are related also to motivation and to the degree
177 of commitment to the white-oriented value system. The following
184 excerpts, paraphrased from interviews with white-oriented subjects,
183 illustrate some of the ways these values are expressed.

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> I've been ranching all my life, and had to get a fee patent--they held me down. The reservation rules tied you all up. I'm independent and have trained the kids to be the same. I wanted to build up the ranch for the boys. Two of them are running it now. The youngest . . . isn't set up. He's working for the railroad, but there's no future in that. You work for them for forty years and all you have is a pension, and then you only work six months a year if you're lucky. (S-25)
>
> I worked with a fellow about my age whose mother always complained. "My poor boy, always having to work." It made me sore. Why shouldn't he? I've always worked. I tried taking some time off work once and about went crazy.
>
> The people [Indians] just don't understand what they're up against. They're looking for someone to take care of them. (mixed-blood business man)
>
> No wonder the Indians are a happy-go-lucky bunch. They don't have to work. Lease money, per capita, and relief keep them going. They need to be put on their own and made to work their way out of it.
>
> After I graduated from high school the old man talked to me and asked me what I was going to do. He said I couldn't

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[128] [178] These and the following figures, based on the answers given by members of the probability sample to questions on the Sociocultural Schedule, are used to indicate some trends apparent in the limited data. Because of the small and incomplete sample it would not be safe to treat these trends as well supported generalizations about the whole population.

177 just run around in the car, I had to do something. I've always had a job and haven't had to ask the people for anything. (mixed-blood business employee)
184

183 My parents emphasized hard work, honesty, thrift, and education.
829 The Indians are clannish, but I'm more of a lone wolf. I'd rather take care of myself than to get help from the family.
461 I have fee patent title to my land so I can make my own deals without all the red tape and delay that you get at the Agency.

The best days were under Stone and Campbell when everybody had a farm and were working. (S-38)

Indians drop out of college because they haven't learned the value of an education. They can't manage their own affairs. In college its all up to you. I have a tribal scholarship and work during vacations. I have an interest in the family ranch and help there and work for other ranchers too. (S-7)

184 Many more clues appear scattered through the interview data,
177 and gained additional support from observation. White-oriented people
183 prefer to be busy. They do not spend much time with the street corner
[461] groups. Often both husband and wife hold steady jobs and in some cases, both are working and saving to develop a ranch or business for future
[871] economic independence. White-oriented persons are more concerned about the education and future of their children; they encourage them to go
[511] on to college, or to get other training beyond high school. They give more attention to improving their homes, and feel the need to acquire and better maintain furniture, appliances, equipment, and automobiles. They early encourage their children to take some responsibility, to work, and to plan for their future.

177 The values expressed in the interviews and observations are
183 similar, in kind, to those commonly attributed to middle class Americans.
171 The emphasis upon, and appreciation of work, self-dependence, individualism, and acquisitiveness noted in the above quotations, and the additional characteristics of concern for education and for the future,

177 does long and steady labor. It is difficult for persons with this
184 attitude to win acceptance and high status within the white-oriented
183 structure.

[461] Wisdom, too, is valued to the degree that it contributes to
[186] the maintenance of Indian-ness. Thus knowledge of the old religion, lore and rituals is highly regarded, even by the Indian-oriented who no longer believe in them. One informant commented, "I know I'm
[796] full-blooded and like to keep the old things alive." A woman was
[829] disappointed to hear that there would be no Sun Dance at the 1960 Indian Days Encampment.

> Indian Days aren't any good if they don't hold the Medicine Lodge. The dances don't have any meaning unless they have the Lodge. I'd take part if they had one. Even if you don't believe in it it's part of old Indian ways. You make promises to people. You have to help them, so you give things and help.

177 Modern knowledge is also good. The Indian-oriented, in general,
184 display an ambivalence in their attitudes toward education and it is
871 difficult to isolate the many factors that inhibit Blackfeet progress in white schools. Among these, the gap between home and school environments, the language problem, the effects of failure and fear of failure, and the lack of clear cut personal objectives are undoubtedly important. Motivation is limited by these and is not overridden by parental authority. The Indian-oriented may urge their children to attend school, but do not order them to do so.

The Indian-oriented leaders value the knowledge that comes from school and in general support the idea of education. The knowledge gained is valuable and necessary if the Indians are to deal successfully with the white man. Indians can combat white ways by learning from

14: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1960) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

184 use, and care for more home furnishings and appliances.[190] A middle
177 class American would recognize an attempt to make the house "homelike"—
565 a quality that is seldom achieved in the same way by the Indian-oriented
[511] regardless of financial condition. This elusive and hard to define
[353] impression may become clearer by contrast with Indian-oriented homes described later.

[554] The white-oriented tend to identify home and possessions with
[829] family status. One white community leader, acquainted with sociological literature, assessed the class positions of the town, and used home improvement as a key to attempted upward mobility. Even Indian-oriented
[626] people are aware of this quality of white living. An Indian who acquires too many appliances and other home furnishings is accused of "trying to live like a white man."

White-Oriented High Status

Highest status among the white-oriented persons is held by a few men or families who own large farms or ranches, or operate successful businesses. In most respects they resemble the middle status people in that they are industrious, ambitious, acquisitive, and active in community

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[354] [190]Some of this is reflected in the socioeconomic data. Twelve of the middle status white-oriented persons used gas, oil, or electric
[207] ranges, while only one of the three lower status, and none of the Indian-oriented subjects had other than wood ranges. Radios were widely owned, but a check shows that of those who reported no radios owned, six were Indian-oriented and one was white-oriented lower status. Television sets were owned by no Indian-oriented, one of three lower status white-oriented, eleven of fourteen middle status white-oriented, and all three upper status white-oriented families. These figures do not reflect properly the range of the Indian-oriented for reasons that will be shown later.

number of lodges he indicated came south to participate in the treaty negotiations we find: B 175 648

Probably 200 lodges, or the entire population of the South Piegan participated. [162]

More than 200 lodges, the great majority of the total of 270 Blood lodges, participated. B [162]

At least 170 lodges, and probably considerably more of the North Blackfeet did not participate. This was a majority of the 290 lodges of the tribe. B [162]

Some 70 of the 90 North Piegan lodges, an overwhelming majority of that group, did not participate.

In the light of the Indian concept that chiefs could not make decisions for other portions of their tribe without consultation, it is very doubtful whether either the North Blackfeet or the North Piegan people at that time considered that as tribes they had concluded a treaty with the United States. Both were too poorly represented at the treaty council. B [829] [622] [619]

No land was ceded in this first treaty of 1855. According to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, George W. Manypenny's instructions to the treaty Commissioners, "The principal objects to be attained by the proposed negotiations are, the establishment of well defined and permanent relations of amity with all the most numerous and B G 175 648

[p. 119]

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

high, for in 1900 less than 40 per cent of the 129 children of school age attended school. Boarding-school attendance was better, for the parents who consented to giving up their children knew at least that they were fed. This institution gradually replaced the day-school, for the children could be isolated there from the "heathenish" influence of their parents. The whole situation was incomprehensible to the Indians, especially when Markle, acting on his conviction that the only way to make an Indian self-supporting was to make him work, withdrew rations and inaugurated the work-or-starve policy. They were almost dazed by the blow. The agent claimed to look after the welfare of the Indians, therefore he was the chief. But a good chief would bankrupt himself for the welfare of his followers. Yet this agent-chief had a comfortable house while the Indians lived in shacks. He had money, while their pockets were empty. He had a horse and democrat while the Indians travelled with a travois in his dust. Certainly every Indian Agent had failed to assume the chiefly role of generosity and personal responsibility.

There were three responses to this incomprehensible behaviour. The first was apathy, and as some described it, "Some people just died, like of a broken heart." Others sought crooked or degrading ways of obtaining needed articles, like stealing, or begging; while many Indians sought to remain apart from the whites. Free cattle were often refused, not because their economic value was questioned but because accepting them implied an obligation to the agent. Every Blackfoot knows that a gift is given with great display of generosity, but it always carries with it an expectation of future return. Big Snake, a hard-working man, would have nothing to do with cattle because of being obligated. Eagle Ribs, too, spurned the beasts because the brand of the Indian Department showed that they were not his own cattle and implied reciprocity. Three Suns refused agency-given cattle, bought his own instead, and lived as remote from the white influence as possible.

Through these years of cattle-raising life went on with many irritations. Some who accepted white direction prospered; most eked out a living driven by necessity rather than respect for the white man's ways. Times were hard (though perhaps no harder than in buffalo days) yet they retained few of the former rewards. One informant said that the only happy times were at the Tobacco Dance and at the Sun Dance, where spiritual exaltation and conviviality supplanted briefly the drudgery of earning a living.

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

657 595 barely out of my hand when I learned that three members of the band were dissatisfied with one wife each and had taken another. I immediately directed that the rations of these families be withheld until such time as they saw fit to obey the rules in this respect. One family missed one ration, and then decided that it was better policy to abide by the rules. The other two families held out for several rations, and then they succumbed and put away wife No. 2. The rationing of able-bodied men and women had many objectionable features to me, but I must confess that, in these three instances, it gave a leverage to settle an objectionable custom, for the time being at least.[1]

657 It was hence natural that when the Indians suffered in 1908 a repetition of the withdrawal of rations, they should search for the agent's
657 objective. To compel the surrender of the land was the objective
432 that many ascribed. Under such circumstances, with poverty increasing and the stocks of food diminishing, only one answer came to them—to sell the land if that would mean getting rations. One informant expressed a typical view:

> The rations were cut. That is why Yellow Horse pitied the people. People thought that this was done to make them give up the land. They knew that as long as the land were not sold the rations would be cut off. At first there were more who did not want to sell and thought they could get rations anyway. Later, people for and against selling the land were about even.

432 For two years at the bi-monthly meetings of the council the plan
● 829 to sell the land was continuously brought up by its advocates. This group of persons, led by Yellow Horse, had been successful under white economy. They looked to the future, "We have to sell this land in order to get rations and so that the young people can grow up healthy. They have been dying. You ought to think of the younger people. We cannot stay as we are now. We shall be more like whites, and life will be easier." The opposition was led by dauntless old warrior chiefs such as Eagle Calf and Iron Shield, brother of Crowfoot. They had seen the Indians tricked by the original treaty of 1877 into giving up their land. They would be tricked no more; what they now had they would cling to. Those who wished to sell the land were both the dupes of the whites and underminers of Indian existence, they said.

Persistently, Yellow Horse continued his efforts. The meetings were violent name-calling affairs. Both sides accused the other of seeking profit. Yellow Horse was "crazy; he wanted to be head chief but was too lazy when he was young to go to war to get horses." Eagle Calf was "a wealthy man and so could afford to neglect the

[1]Dept. of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report*, 1903, p. 147 ff.

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
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welfare of the poor; he was well fed. He thought only of his own stomach." Words were acrimonious, tempers lost, the meeting-hall a din of angry remarks.

The final meeting in 1910 in which the pro-selling group won may best be described in the words of a participant:

> They had a huge meeting at the old office. Before they had this meeting, Markle sent word to me to dress up fine and get a nice democrat and team "lest those who hate you have reason to criticize you." So I dressed up magnificently, new team, harness and democrat. All the people had their eyes on me. I also had the war birds on and my face painted as if going to war because Indians were going to say bad words against me, and this attire was to save my life. Once I had dreamed of a moon-shaped piece of mother-of-pearl. This I had around my neck to make me strong, so I could stand up against the chiefs, for I knew they were going to have strong talk and bad words. I wanted to give myself strength and protection.
>
> Markle told people to sign, not talk. "Don't stand up and say your opinions. Just write your names, who is on the farm side. He [informant] is the only one who is to stand up and talk." Two clergymen, one lawyer, the agent, two clerks, and also two other white men were there as witnesses. They put up a chair for me, and Markle said, "Stand up and speak."
>
> I said: "You remember at treaty in 1877, Weasel Calf was as if blinded and had no idea how much an acre was. For myself, I am not a war-coups chief, but we are becoming white and shall farm. We must know how much we get for an acre, not like at treaty time, when we never did know how much we got. Those chiefs were blinded. When we sell land, we make money. If we don't we just live on our horses, and selling horses will exhaust our income. Selling land means we shall have farm land and money and will live good. We cannot just live on the mines, for only a little comes in to a few people. Selling half the reserve means we can live on the money. We are not selling all of it. Part will be leased to whites, and that will bring money." Then, turning to Markle: "Markle, this is the last piece of land we sell as long as I live. This is the end. If any unsold land is needed, we shall lease it to whites instead of selling it." At the end of this speech, every one signed. Two clerks took it down. Each chief had to sign his own name. There were two papers, one with the ayes and the other with the nays. All clapped hands when word was announced who had won. All whites shook hands with me because I was the only one who stood up and talked. Handkerchiefs and tobacco were handed out to the women.

This was a significant day for the Blackfoot. As they drove their teams back to the log shacks along the river they did not know that they were to become the wealthiest Indians in Canada. After thirty years of marginal existence on a reserve, basic economic security was no longer to be a major concern for them. The days of potato-patch nourishment and government-given apparel were over; an agricultural life with new problems faced the tribe.

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ations of satisfaction and dissatisfaction with reserve conditions. The propertyless group and those with unsatisfied aspirations and property are both dissatisfied. Whether they wish security or money, the reserve economy as it now exists seldom satisfies these demands. Those with property and low aspirations are the main ones who live contentedly on the reserve, for their income comes almost without effort. Although some of these may once have had high aspirations, the discouragements have bowed them to acknowledge defeat.

There has then been a kind of dialectic process here. The trust fund was intended to satisfy the wants of the Indians. This it did, for few go hungry these days. But at the same time by satisfying these wants, it has made others more acute and brought about the emergence of new ones. The Indian of 1908 was perhaps satisfied when he could get a square meal, but it also made him aware that he was cold and had no chairs in his house. So after a while chairs, stoves, and other furniture were issued to newly-weds. This man's son assumes these articles and desires a radio, or curtains in his windows. Thus the standard of values has been altered by the trust fund.

Some aspects of this changed standard have been indicated already in our description of distribution and expenditure where white goods are greatly in demand. There is also the desire to have white standards of many kinds. Though the old Blackfoot may have been satisfied with forty acres of land, today the young man says:

> The Indians are given tracts of 40 acres of land to farm. The white man on the adjoining land has 320 acres. He says he can barely make a living on that. How can the Indians be expected to become independent on a tract one-eighth the size?

With wages, the same change of standard has also taken place. Some young men in need of money refuse jobs on the reserve when they can make $6 to $8 more by working elsewhere. They are quick to note differential treatment of Indians and whites in other respects. When feed for cattle was purchased in dry years, Indians readily observed that they received $1 to $2 less for the hay they harvested. It is also common knowledge and common cause for complaint that the price paid for ration beef on the reserve is lower than that paid whites when beef is purchased from them. The difference in type

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
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chiefly powers in the Indian Act. Doubtless in the interest of administrative harmony and of training, the agent has permitted wider latitude of action. There was no blocking of the council's resolution to review the estimates of expenditures of interest money before their submission to Ottawa. Increasing annuity payments, additional benefits to the aged, and other achieved proposals for the use of interest money have not been placed legally under the jurisdiction of the council. For the council to act as an advisory group in settling civil suits is not provided by law, and chiefs certainly exceed their vested authority when they investigate the efficiency of the agency's collection of rents from the lease of tribal lands.

Such practices, while exceedingly desirable from the point of view of utilizing the council, have one effect of confusing the members, for nowhere is there a working statement of the council's power. Certain measures advocated by the council are realized, while others appear to vanish at the end of the meetings. As one might expect, conflicts between the agent and the council do arise. In this event the agent has, of course, the upper hand, for though the law does not permit him to vote in the meeting, his duty in forwarding requests to Ottawa with or without endorsement may amount to more than a vote. Sanction is necessary by the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs before a measure can become effective.[1] Thus though maintaining the appearance of democratic processes, the agent finds it imperative to side-track certain proposals. In view of this procedure, a somewhat cynical comment illustrates the attitude of one of the chiefs:

> Some cases demand an unanimous decision of the chiefs, others not. It depends upon the subject. I do not know why, but if the Indian Department makes the proposal, only a majority is necessary. But in 90 per cent of the cases where chiefs have suggested anything, it must be unanimously carried out, and even then the agent may or may not recommend it or send it to Ottawa.

As many chiefs are unaware of the statutory limitation of their authority and view themselves as legislators of a kind, the council position can be highly frustrating.

Moreover, in the tribe at large, the Blackfoot increase the confusion by continuing to endow the chiefs with the old aura of authority in spite of the new conditions. A man may still say, "The chiefs are the head of everything that goes on. Anything that happens, you refer to them." Few seem to realize that chiefs are no

[1]The Indian Act, Sec. 90A.

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
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longer directors of their followers, sole dispensers of benefits, or autonomous authorities within their circle of followers. These functions have largely disappeared with the new agency-managed economy. A director is no longer needed where people work independently and scattered over the reserve. As men have their own fields to tend, they are too busy to seek employment as members of a chief's haying gang. Jobs for earning cash are given out directly by the agency or the farm instructors. Today a chief may have to round up his own horses before going to town, for the young "hired men" are busy elsewhere. Now that others have wealth equal or surpassing the chief's, there are many capable of helping the poor. Indeed, because of the broader distribution of wealth, there are few who correspond to the tattered, hungry persons of buffalo days. Without his followers at his side, the chief's influence as arbitrator and keeper of the peace has been limited. Roads are better, people more accessible, and the agency influence reaches into every corner of the reserve.

Another aspect of the old pattern leading to confusion is the question of a chief's jurisdiction. In theory the elective system of today implies a council made up of members chosen from the reserve at large with all chiefs accessible to every man. To some extent this occurs, for certain chiefs are consulted by a wide number of persons on the reserve. There is a lingering feeling, nevertheless, that each chief represents a certain group in the council of chiefs, just as the council of chiefs in buffalo days was made up of the leaders of separate bands. Frequently persons criticize all the chiefs except one, and will brook no criticism of that one from any quarter. Behind this usually lies a kin relationship to a particular chief; one is defending one's relative to whom one appeals in difficulties. In fact kinship is still the strongest factor binding a group of "constituent-followers" to a particular chief. There are also cases where a man may identify himself with a traditional band. If the head of this nominal band is a council member, he constitutes the man's chief. Geographical nearness, even unsupported by kinship or band affiliation, can reinforce identification with a certain chief. The system of electing chiefs on such a background leads to difficulties. Votes are cast frequently along family (the most important factor), band, and geographical lines, and failure of a candidate to be elected may leave a given group with the feeling of being without representation in the council. Instead of looking out for the welfare of all, certain

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old chiefs tend to confine themselves to looking after the interests of a particular group. Such a conflict probably lies behind the complaint that chiefs have refused to mediate in behalf of various individuals. Such a person may have felt himself allied to a given chief yet this affiliation may have been unrecognized by the chief in question.

Popular reaction to this general confusion casts blame on both the chiefs and the agent. Some declared the chiefs to be hypocritical, since despite much fine talk about benefits for the reserve little is accomplished. With this idea in mind, a young man commented, "They do not keep their promises." Another informant declared that because a chief did not realize his programme, he was no longer *ɑstuisanaps*, i.e., a person to be respected. Others believe that some chiefs are senile, too yielding to agency pressure, or have assumed office merely to show off. For instance, an attempt to confront the agent with a united front resulted as follows:

> Before the council meeting I invited the chiefs for tea to my house, and we tried to agree on what to say. Then we went to the meeting at the agency. The question was whether the tribe would build from its own funds a house on the reserve for the Mounted Police. At the meeting some chiefs changed their minds and said things they had agreed not to say. If all had agreed, it would have been impossible to build a house for the Police. I said, "No, it's O.K. for the police to live in Gleichen where they are now. There it is no expense to us." One of the chiefs got up and said, "[the informant] doesn't want it but I say you can build the house for the Mounties." At first the other chiefs sided with me, but later all changed their minds. I do not know why. I never changed my mind. If I did, the other chiefs would never take my word because I would be one of those who changed his mind every moment.

Here runs also a type of name calling, of which the chiefs are well aware and which survives from buffalo days.

Indeed, because of the bitterness of much of this criticism, some persons have withdrawn their names from the list of candidates for election. The feeling exists that by becoming a chief, one exposes oneself to harsh words. It is still believed that some important people who say harsh words are able to influence events through their greater supernatural power which makes words come true. A chief speaking of his election said:

> I had lots of horses and cattle. From then on I helped out the people, and they told me to become a chief. Then I said, "I do not like to be treated like a chief, because if I am elected chief, I shall have lots of enemies. You will have to be good to me if I am to be a chief."

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622 643 754 Such a feeling of personal sacrifice is certainly reinforced when after election one chief fell deathly sick and another chief's house burned to the ground with tragic loss of members of his family. In the world view of the old Indians, such things do not occur by accident, and sorcery was rumoured.

Relations to the Agency

657 829 The election of a more aggressive council of younger men is of course no complete solution to the problem, and certainly most Indians are quicker to blame the agent than the chiefs. The Blackfoot recognize that the agency is the centre of power. One man said in a mee ng, "I am against the chiefs, but we can't do much. I say that we m st get after the agent and the white employees. It is up to them to correct things." Considerable suspicion exists that the agent is holding the Indian down. This view is documented by his refusal to exploit a source of natural gas discovered during the early twenties on the reserve. The agent, fearing demoralization of the Indians as a result of possible sudden acquisition of wealth, and knowing the costs of exploiting gas in a thinly populated country, had the pipe capped shut. All argument to the contrary was without avail. A demand at the mine for higher wages was denied by the agent since the coal is not sold for profit and the maximum wage under the circumstances was already being granted. Few Indians understood this limitation, and again the popular explanation became agency desire to repress the Indians. Agency opposition to increased cash annuities for fear of pauperizing the Indians is popularly regarded as an attempt to withhold money that is rightfully in the possession of the tribe. Many Indians feel that they are discriminated against because the agency pays them less than off-reserve whites pay, and because it pays higher wages to whites than to them in order to save funds. Such complaints fit well into the latent bitterness towards whites who robbed their forefathers of the land and drove away the buffalo. This attitude is expressed by one chief:

> A chief may have a feeling of persecution by the Indian Department or Indian Act or even the whole country of white people. Then he may have an impulse to oppose everything white. Probably this is the same sort of feeling that makes some people turn red [Communist]. It's the feeling you have when you are eating a tough steak with poor teeth.

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So great was the feeling that the agency was running affairs without reference to the Indians' welfare, that the tribe designated their best-educated member and chief as "official scrutineer," invested with the duty of seeing that the Blackfoot received all benefits due them from the trust fund. The petition requesting such an official was sent by the Indians directly to Ottawa, by-passing the agent, in an effort to communicate with his superiors. The request remained unanswered in government files. After a year the Blackfoot council themselves created the position. The following portion of a document read into the minutes of the council meeting during the discussion shows frustrated irritation and suspicion:

> I have been accused of talking too much at a meeting. The trouble is I don't talk enough. If I do not talk, when and as I do, most of the discussions and conclusions of these meetings would not correspond with the facts. Even now some of the records of past meetings are not accurate. I invite—I challenge contradiction in what I have stated. I will also venture to say that some of the records of past meetings do not represent the true feelings of my people. . . .

The agency regarded this statement as so much verbiage but did not see the tragic apprehension lying behind it. The fundamental conflict is over trust funds. Nonetheless, the repercussions extend much farther, for all failure to achieve complete satisfaction of Indian demands is interpreted as a conspiracy by the agency to repress and exploit the tribe.

Agency reaction to these measures varies between amusement and irritation. It is grounded on the almost universal assumption by whites that other races with an inferior standard of living have not yet matured. According to this belief, Indians are simple, childlike people who, being wilful, must be protected from acting in ways contrary to their best interest. The impression of immaturity is certainly fostered by the following letter addressed to the agent by an Indian:

> I seen Smith [the farm instructor] about that fence and he told me it was you that told him to tear it down that they should at least tell one that they were going to do that. I didn't know that till it was down. I thought I still own that place and I gave a good work horse to build that fence and also $5.00 to half breeds most of the pot [posts] were cut by them breeds and a lot of that wire that I rolled in [from] the sand hills. When I first started farming I was told that the house barn fence was mine. There is a lot that knows the horse I gave in payment to build that fence. So that house is mine and I am going to keep it. If I was to go down to Smith and tear his fence down what would happen it would be jail for me. Yours very truly. . . .

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177 This type of relationship does not obtain between the reserves with culture foreign to the Blackfoot, though a few Blackfoot have gone to Hobbema to witness the Sun Dance there. Even reserves with foreign cultures may furnish other Indians with havens; the Cree on their way to visit relatives at the Rocky Boy reservation in Montana frequently pass several nights on the Blackfoot reserve. Once a Blackfoot refugee from justice presented himself to a chief on a Dakota reserve in Saskatchewan, where he was accorded temporary refuge.

167 Permanent change of residence from one reserve to another is rarer than visiting because of legal complications. To change residence automatically disqualifies an individual from receiving benefits of the trust fund, and this most Blackfoot are loath to do. On the other hand the fame of the trust fund has spread far. There are many who would like to receive these benefits but the agent and the council of chiefs guard the Blackfoot interests rather jealously. 582 For an outside male to marry a Blackfoot woman and reside on the reserve is difficult. Permission of the agent and the council of chiefs 563 is required, and they are reluctant to extend permanently the reserve benefits to outsiders. Where permission has been granted, it has [657] been mostly to other Blackfoot-speaking Indians. However, when an outside woman marries a Blackfoot, she is immediately eligible for rations and annuities when the marriage has been confirmed by the agent. Because of this opening many women from other tribes reside on the Blackfoot reserve. A sly Blackfoot saying runs that, if a man marries a woman off the reserve, he was unacceptable to Blackfoot women. This does not apply to the Blackfoot-speaking reserves so much as to the Sarsi and Cree. Nevertheless, many Cree and a few Sarsi women are receiving rations as if they had always resided on the reserve. For them, divorce or separation means loss of status as a reserve member, unless the marriage has been of long duration.

829 Attitudes towards the various reserves derive from a number of considerations, among which wealth, size of population, and the adherence to similar Indian ways of life seem most important. Because of common cultural heritage the Blackfoot-speaking reserves stand in the most favoured positions. The near-by Blood and North Piegans of Southern Alberta are known more intimately and received more warmly than the South Piegans from Montana. Members of wealthy and enterprising families on the Blood reserve

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who can afford to buy new automobiles are envied by the Blackfoot. In general the North Piegans are deemed to be the poorer relations, while the South Piegans have the reputation of being modern and sporting, thus less true to Indian ways. The Athabascan-speaking Sarsi, members of the erstwhile Blackfoot confederacy now living near the reserve, are considered frail cousins who should be helped. Crees are respected for their continuation of Indian ways of life but disdained for their poverty. The Stoney Indians are regarded as persons of inferior culture who have aped the Blackfoot. Beyond these tribes, all located within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, there is little intercourse. An exception was a fairly recent visit to the Crow reserve, after which the Blackfoot returned with enthusiastic accounts of their former feared enemies.

In view of the difficulties of obtaining membership on this reserve and the lack of cordiality accorded Crees in general, it is interesting to note that a group of Crees has permanent residence on the Blackfoot reserve. Even before the treaty Cree children had been adopted by Blackfoot. On the Cree trek south after the second Riel rebellion a few women remained on the reserve, though the main body fled to the United States and became the nucleus of the Cree group in Montana. These women were quickly assimilated to reserve life. In 1920 the council of chiefs took up the question of admitting to reserve membership a few families of the so-called "wandering Crees." These Indians were residuals and descendants of a band which in 1876 had refused participation in Treaty No. 6 which dispossessed the Crees. We do not know the considerations that led to the final acceptance of these people by the council of chiefs. A reasonable hypothesis is that in their wanderings they had become a nuisance for both Indian and white communities near which they camped; as full-blooded Indians they were properly wards of the government; they had suffered adequately for their resistance to authority, were now eager to be settled on a reserve of their choice and no doubt were attracted by the wealth of the Blackfoot reserve. With official sanction by the agent acting under recommendation from Ottawa, the chiefs were urged to admit the few applicants. It is possible that the chiefs were influenced not only by agency pressure but by Crowfoot's precedent of treating the Crees kindly, by a certain solidarity among all Indians, and by a feeling of pity mingled with admiration for these Indians in particular. They had courageously kept aloof from reservations and

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563 government charity for over forty years, surviving as best they could. Admission was granted to these families and subsequently to a few others of the same band.

Today these Indians constitute a special group which lives somewhat apart and is identified as "Cree" by the Blackfoot. They are distinct from the Cree wives of Blackfoot and the descendants of adopted Crees whose past affiliation with Crees, though recognized, does not constitute a basis for special social status. The new-comers receive all the benefits of the Blackfoot trust fund. They have constructed their own coal-mine and continue their own ceremonials. 563 Indeed, they use for their own purposes the Sun Dance lodge that 796 has been erected by the Blackfoot for Blackfoot rituals. In 1939, with no Sun Dance vower from the majority group, the Crees offered to save the day by holding the ceremonies according to their tradition. Some Blackfoot participated with interest, most were grateful and somewhat satisfied at having a "sort of a Sun Dance," but many were arrogantly critical of these proceedings. The Crees, on the defensive, resolved to impress these spectators with the ceremonial rigours and the strength of their power. One night, after the chief vower had fasted for more than forty-eight hours, in the presence of a few curious spectators the aged vower was said to have made the moon dance to the beat of his drum. Respect for the Crees rose perceptibly, and though this group is treated by local reserve residents as inferior, it is now probable that as its economic position improves, differences will disappear.

Social Structure and Kinship

594 The band having disappeared, there remains as the present
592 nucleus for living the individual family of husband, wife, and chil-
● [829] dren. However, it is unusual for a family to remain long so small as this, for people consider themselves lonely and isolated under these circumstances. Only the recluses or very poor live alone with
596 their wives and children. As we have noted, a young man and his wife will come to live with an older brother or one of the husband's brothers-in-law. In this household the two men help each other with the work in the fields, while their wives collaborate on baby
[178] care and household chores. Such a system is a direct continuation
[593] of the time-honoured kinship obligations between brothers, and
[607] between a man and his sister's husband or his wife's brother.

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of the council cannot give jobs to his followers by dint of his position, though the head of a family can always assist a needy relative. Through the chiefs an increase in annuity is rarely attained, but a generous leader of an extended family may answer such a demand with an occasional five dollars from his own pocket. Finally there is no longer an identity to the extended family. The band names covering several widely scattered families function mainly at the Sun Dance circle. The elected chiefs now unidentified with any specific group of followers speak mainly for their immediate circle of relatives and have been accused of neglecting persons with remoter ties.

There exists, nevertheless, a strong feeling on the reserve that the extended family is the proper social unit for living. One man complained that the size of Blackfoot acreages was too small. Individual acreages should be enlarged so that a man could raise more and make more money. This was not, however, sheer avarice, for he added, "Then we could take better care of more people." The Blood reserve is regarded as a model in this respect, for there a few Indians have several hundred acres and can support a sizable group. These few wealthy Blood are chiefs in modern dress, for they can live well and still fulfill their obligations to less fortunate kinsmen. In comparison the Blackfoot are as a group wealthier yet usually not sufficiently wealthy in terms of individual productive capacity to become leaders in the new sense.

Social Organization and Age

A delicate balance of cultural rewards was provided in buffalo days for the young and old. The glory of war with all its Plains embellishments furnished rewards for the young. To the old was granted political and religious authority. Though the obligations of a successful warrior as a member of the camp were scarcely onerous, he was, nevertheless, subject to the dicta of his elders. In the home, the transition point between submission to, and wielding, authority occurred about the time of marriage. This was usually at about thirty years of age. As head of a household, a man's interest in stability of social relations increased. The sizable herd of horses gathered on previous raids must be conserved, since home responsibilities kept him from the warpath. This was done by using the horses in canny transactions. It was time now to start giving to the

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CHAPTER SEVEN

A Diagnosis of Reserve Needs

KEESING, who has studied widely the administrative problems of whites in relation to native peoples, states what may be described as a credo for the guidance of administrators: 121

> According to their small but growing number of proponents, four main principles are involved. First, choices must lie with the indigenous people themselves; the dominant group should not evaluate or dictate. Second, it is the responsibility of the governing people, through schools and other means, to make available to the native an adequate understanding of non-native systems of life so that these can be ranged alongside his own in order that his choices may be made. Third, the native must be trained to use the tools of language, science, and so on with which he can handle as efficiently as possible the problems that life presents. Finally, representatives of the governing country should adopt the "experimental attitude" and encourage it among the native people.[1]

Though this credo is not free of problems, the writers believe that it may properly serve as a guide in considering the difficulties of the Blackfoot reserve.

In a system where the main problems of living have been deemed neatly solved by the trust fund, it is surprising to find keen dissatisfaction. This dissatisfaction is not, for the most part, on a level which is immediately understandable. There is little talk about insufficient food or inadequate clothing, the common complaints from many reserves. Instead, criticism is of a particularly irritating and "unreasonable" kind. Accusations are directed towards the agency and the white employees. The agent is accused of running the reserve for the benefit of himself and the white employees. The feeling is that when formal complaints are lodged, nothing is done to adjust them, that the agent prevents Indians from having their own money, pays whites more money than Indians for the same 829

[1] F. M. Keesing, *The South Seas in the Modern World* (New York, John Day, 1941), pp. 84-85.

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829 work, and does not care how the Indians are getting along. So runs the main theme of Blackfoot dissatisfaction. White employees of
657 the agency complain that Indians lack foresight and do not stay on the job, that the benefits given them through the trust fund are neglected, that with all the opportunities offered them the Indians are ungrateful, try to swindle undeserved money from the agency, and, if they succeed, only use the money for non-essentials, often at the expense of the welfare of their children. They present a picture of Indians thoroughly pauperized by, and dependent on, their benefits. There are other dissatisfactions on each side, but these are the main foci of irritation.

829 Our diagnosis indicates a social syndrome of malsatisfaction. On the part of the Indians we see frustration of the need for politico-economic self-expression. On the part of the white staff we see lack of job satisfaction. Let us examine the mechanisms involved.

657 The advent of agency management of reserve production and
433 maintenance of peace has been relatively recent, mainly since 1910. At that time, introducing agriculture resulted in the breaking up of
[241] the residual band organization and the destroying of the social
[621] importance of the few independent entrepreneurs. These changes were necessary, for the Blackfoot had no rations at that time, and most could not obtain sufficient food and clothing through their own
657 productive capacity. Accordingly, the Indians were easily relocated
241 on individual farms where it was hoped these needs would be much more adequately satisfied. However, the agency and the white staff gradually assumed the managerial role in farming. They provided seeds, later paid Indians to plough and plant, sent out the harvesting
657 gang, collected and marketed the produce. The story is much the
[293] same in cattle raising; wintering the stock, supplying feed, branding
[316] and rounding up the herd were gradually assumed by the white employees. The mine is also run for the Indians by a mining in-
[622] structor. Though at first the agency reached the Indians through their chiefs or headmen who still made decisions for keeping order, it gradually assumed a greater share of even this function by direct control over the reserve residents.

657 The result has been that the Indian as a producer and dweller
[177] on the reserve is now integrated directly with the agency and through this channel with the white society. Only as a small consumer of white merchandise and services is he integrated directly with the white world. The role of the Blackfoot has become that of

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a labourer or even an onlooker on an agency-managed grain-, cattle-, and coal-producing establishment. From a politically independent people the tribe has been reduced to a form of peonage.

A second factor has been the failure of the original farming venture, the success of which meant the difference between mere existence and an ample income. When the Indians originally adopted farming, it was regarded as a means for becoming wealthy. In the Blackfoot mind there is a definite association of wealth with power, for as we indicated, the chiefs in the past were necessarily wealthy persons. Through farming the prediction of Many Stars at the time of the treaty would be realized: "All will be chiefs." This was true in good years, when Indians could invite friends and relatives to their well-furnished homes for ostentatious give-aways. They could make trips to neighbouring reserves, there to continue the display of generosity. Best of all, they might invest in a sacred bundle as a further token of concrete achievement and as supernatural insurance against the vagaries of weather and fortune. This had always been the Blackfoot way of indicating change of status, as conditioned by years of experience with a plentiful buffalo supply and the risks of warfare that might reduce one's wealth to nothing overnight. If any followed the agency's counsel to save, a succession of poor or indifferent crops quickly consumed the backlog, and there was nothing to show for the effort.

These two factors, the assumption of economic and political management and the failure of reserve enterprises to produce a return commensurate with Indian expectations, have produced frustration of the needs for political and economic self-expression. Since the council of chiefs is an impotent body and since the last vestiges of political control were removed with the scattering of the Blackfoot onto familial farms, a political void has been created. In good times this arrangement produces no consequences, for there is opportunity for self-expression in a gratifying Blackfoot social life. Participation, however, is reduced by lean years. There results a system of devices which can only produce satisfaction in the rare times of abundance.

The question arises why in their dissatisfaction the Indians blame the agency. The system would run much more smoothly if Blackfoot themselves assumed the blame for failure and, as the white employees propose, work harder. It is necessary to realize first that the agency is regarded as the seat of the chief, and chiefs

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
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always could be blamed for failure to provide sufficiently well for their followers. If such an event occurred in the past, however, the follower of a chief would move away to another chief in hopes that he would be better off. Today this is impossible for nowhere on the reserve can an Indian escape the agent. It is a rare individual who is willing to lose his share of the benefits by leaving the reserve, since the outside incentives are minimal.

Of course there used to be times of scarcity, when the chief was not blamed. This occurred doubtless because the followers identified their interests with the chief's. People endured lean periods serene in the knowledge that when plenty came again, the chief would see to it that they shared in it. All could see when there were no buffalo. Today even whites are perplexed by the vagaries of the price system and create scapegoats who appear to work against their interests. Opportunity is now rare for Indians to identify their interests with those of the agency. There is a historic proclivity to divide interests into those of Indians as juxtaposed to those of whites, so that the slightest irritation is regarded as another white injustice. There also lies in the back of the Blackfoot's mind the knowledge that abundant cash is being kept from him which a normal chief would never hoard, but would always share with his followers. The agency has given up explaining this demand, and the Indians are only frustrated in their attempts to get at these funds.

This lack of identification with the agency and the tendency to regard it as a foreign intrusion into Blackfoot life have further repercussions. It will be recalled that Indians in the past refused agency-given cattle because they not only sought to maintain their independence, but also feared a trick to oust them from the reserve. They still prefer to buy their own farm machinery rather than borrow the equipment made available through trust funds. This provokes no comment by white employees. Yet houses built at band expense are not repaired by the residents, since the houses are not considered their own. This behaviour is considered ungrateful and evokes much comment. When repairs are needed, the Blackfoot grumble at the agency for not caring about Indians. This rankling which separates agency and Indians is fostered by the practice of paying Indians to paint their own houses. This stands in striking contrast with the careful attention given to the repair of houses built by Indians. The agency also pays a man to plough and harvest his own field, so that farm work becomes accomplished as a concession to the agency. One works not for oneself but because it is a

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
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job that the agency pays to have done. Similarly when donations of teams, furniture, and farm equipment are received from the agency, they are received as something deserved but long overdue and often given the treatment of a cast-off article for which one need have no responsibility. The Indians' failure to utilize the agency-given benefits and to work conscientiously is akin to sabotage of an ardently despised institution.

Of course the crowning frustration occurs when the despised foreign institution forces its will on the Blackfoot by dint of its control of the trust funds. Desperate efforts to dislodge this power have been made by individuals and groups who wrote letters to members of Parliament recounting the injustices they suffered. Hard-earned money has been spent hiring lawyers to institute litigation which would never be admitted into court. Individuals have been on the alert to detect signs of corruption or negligence of duty on the part of agency officials who, it should be said, have always manifested high ethical standards. Council meetings and petitions to Ottawa are alike fruitless in this system, for the complaints are merely handed from higher officials back to the officials in the field for action.

To such questions as why the Blackfoot are lazy, why they neglect their benefits, and why they are eager to get money without work, it is an oversimplification to reply that they have too much money or too many benefits. The real answer is that they would receive their benefits gladly, perhaps even use them well, if they could be brought to see the undertaking as their own endeavour and not one being done for the benefit of an alien group. Such frustration of self-expression is not a unique occurrence. This impasse exists to some extent on all Indian reserves where the management has been assumed exclusively by the agency. Among the Antlers in the United States, tribal government disappeared as an indigenous system, and their welfare came under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Farming has been a failure on their lands, but cash has been forthcoming periodically from leasing or selling their allotted lands to whites. As long as it lasts, the cash goes for short sprees with high living and ostentatious spending. Indian attitudes towards their benefactors are described by Mead as follows:

> The Antlers consider the government employees there for their benefit, to serve them, to be bullied, insulted, or wheedled as the case may be. The assumption on the part of the Antlers is that every employee seeks to evade his duties, betray his responsibilities, grow rich upon the possibilities of graft which are

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
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satisfied if their students learned a bit of the three *R*s and a bit of farming, Miss Wells wanted her young students to learn how to become ladies in the proper British style of the day. She taught them fancy ways of cooking, dressing, and wearing their hair. She got them into habits like dainty tea drinking, careful table setting, and wearing brooches to close up the fronts of their blouses. She taught them not only about agriculture but also about flower gardens and surrounding their homes with rows of bushes. They even picked up her British accent. These students became known as "Miss Wells's girls," and practically all of them became successful wives in charge of progressive farm households among the Blood people. Even in her old age my grandma likes nothing better than a brooch for a present, or tea and cookies for a snack.

THE OLDEST GRANDMOTHER AMONG MY PEOPLE

I have often heard that in the past there were more old people than today, and that it was more common for some to live past one hundred. I know that the child mortality rate was really high back then, and that men stood a good chance to get killed in war before they reached adulthood. But I suppose the natural foods that they ate and the rugged lifestyle they followed would have encouraged old age for those who survived the childhood ailments and the dangers of the war trail. However, my ancestors never kept very accurate records of their ages, and even today there are still a few old people who cannot say exactly how old they are.

One such old person is Rosie Davis, a lifelong friend of my grandmother, AnadaAki. My grandmother, in her early nineties, said that Rosie was quite a bit older than she, so she must have surpassed one hundred. But Rosie's own comment on her age was: "I don't know how old I am, because

829 nobody ever told me the exact year of my birth. People usually say that I am one hundred and they are probably right. I know that I was still a little girl when the 1877 treaty was signed, even though I don't recall any incidents about it.

115 "I was born in Fort Benton, which was an important Montana trading post at that time. My mother was married to a white man named Smith, who worked on a Missouri River steamboat out of Fort Benton. We lived there when I was young, and we waited for my father to come and see us between trips. When they were getting ready to make out the band rolls for the treaty signing we came back up here. The treaty was between the different tribes of Canadian Indians and the Queen of England. My mother's father was old Iron Pipe, and he came down with some people to bring us back home. He told my father that he would try to send us back down to Fort Benton somehow.

"It took us a while to get back home, and there were a number of delays before the treaty finally got settled. By then my grandfather could not find anyone to accompany us back down to Fort Benton. It was very dangerous to be out in that country alone because of the many war parties. So my mother never saw my real father again. She became married to Flying Chief, who was better known as Joe Healy. He raised me as if I were his own daughter.

721 "Joe Healy became an orphan when he was just a small boy. His parents were camped in a tipi outside of Fort Whoop-Up, near the present city of Lethbridge, Alberta. During the night some enemy people from the west side of the Rockies came and shot rifles into the tipi. They killed Joe's parents and his two sisters, and they wounded him in the thigh. The traders came out and found him, and buried the rest of his family. One of the traders was named Healy, and he adopted the injured boy. He got some nuns to doctor him, and later
871 he sent him to school at Fort Shaw, in Montana. He was about the first Blood to get an education. He learned English

A [i.e., Rosie Davis--Analyst]

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as the adviser to these newer members. I am their grandmother. This is how Mokakin and I have been rewarded for our faith in the holy ways of our people. I have taken part in all these ancient ceremonies so often that I would be able to lead them all, if our customs didn't require men to be the ceremonial leaders.

PAULA WEASEL HEAD'S COMMENTS ON LIFE

We old people of the Bloods are very disturbed about the behavior of the young people. There is very little respect left today. A lot of us think the reason for this is that a lot of young people were bottle-fed. The milk they were raised on came from cows, so the young people of today have taken on the nature of cows. You know that cows only think of themselves, even though they like to run in bunches. Many of the young people are just the same.

Yes, I think there is still hope for them to change, in the future. . . . If they will listen to good leaders, and learn to have respect for all things, not just those that are theirs, and if they will pray. Praying is what has brought us old people through life. We've all gone through hard times. We've all done our share of bad things. But through our prayers and faith in the Creator we get together again and we try hard to live right.

A few years ago Mokakin and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. Even the government leaders sent us cards. We have had a long life together—good times and bad times. We have grown wise from the experiences we've gone through.

Our sacred transfers are the things that kept us the strongest in life. We believed in our religion, just like our old people handed it down to us. For every important thing they did in life there was a transfer—an initiation. Somebody that has

796 already gone through that transfer and knows all about it, he
425 will initiate a newcomer. It might be for a medicine pipe bun-
778 dle, or it might be for a society bundle. These are things that
we live by—the ceremonies and the meanings of these initia-
829 tions teach us about life, so we try to learn them. It is just the
same for a white man to study in school and learn a life. You
make a living from it. Only they didn't work for money in the
old days. They just worked for buffalo and enemy horses and
nice belongings.

796 In our Indian life, Mokakin and I didn't just go ahead and
778 do whatever we wanted. We took over these different medi-
[244] cine bundles, and each one has its own initiations. For in-
stance, to make the holy moccasins worn for some ceremonies
there is an initiation. There is another one for those mocca-
281 sins to be mended. Then there is one for making the buckskin
796 bags we keep sacred paint in. They make incense and they
778 guide your hand to make all the first motions, for cutting, for
sewing, and for finishing up. And all the while everyone is
796 praying. Each time we get initiated like this, we get our face
302 painted. That means you're given another thing to live by, and
these things add up.

829 But today most of the people don't care much about these
ways as they were given down to us. They want to do them
just to suit themselves. Just to go with their own ideas about
being Indians. They will make up holy things or say that they
know about a ceremony, when they never had their faces
painted for these things. They are making up their own ways
and using the things handed down from the Creator. I am
waching this going on around me and I think it is bad. And I
am not shy to speak up and say what I think. I am an old
woman, and I have been initiated and given the rights to
many, many things in life. All the older Bloods know this.
When I speak my mind some people may think that I am
being bossy. But everyone knows that it is our tradition to

829 back up what you say with your initiations. The leaders of the tribe always went through most of the transfer and took care of the main bundles. I have the rights to a lot of things that I don't even speak up about, because I don't want to make things too complicated. But we have to stick by the wisdom of our ancestors, and not try to outsmart them in talking about the Creator, and all that is created.

584 I started to like Mokakin when I was at the boarding school—St. Paul's, here on the reserve. That's back in the days when we lived at the school practically all year. We grew up there, my sister and I. My father was planning to choose a husband for me when I came out of school. He wanted someone from a wealthy family, someone that would go through a lot of transfers and take good care of his family that way. I wanted to marry Mokakin, so one day he came for me on horseback. I ran away from the school and eloped with him. In those times fathers still chose husbands for their daughters.

[178] Today, the young people do not even ask their parents for advice about marriage. They just look for each other, even 834 while they are young, still. When we were young, we would always be kept just with other girls. Our mothers and aunts and relatives watched us very close. They didn't allow even one boy to hang around. We didn't know how it was to just be walking around outside by ourselves. A soon as it was dark we had to be inside the house. This was especially true at the Sun [178] Dance camps. Nowadays the kids just run wild there, day and [829] night. I tell you it was much better when life was strict.

583 Back at the school they talked about putting Mokakin in jail for taking me away with him. He was older than I was. But I wasn't young anymore, either. I was already planning to leave school, and my father was already looking around for a son-in-law. But he didn't want Mokakin, so I just took off with him. After that he had to accept him, since I was his Minipoka, his special child.

roads, to avoid the frowning policemen on the highway. Sometimes the vehicles used for moving to camp are so overloaded that they barely come limping into camp, especially if they contain all the camping gear, the family and its kids, and a couple of neighbors-on-foot thrown in, besides.

Mokakin and my father helped us to set up our tipi that first time we used it. Usually several men from the same part of the camp circle pitch in to get each other's lodges set up. Nowadays the women seldom even supervise anymore, much less do they put up the lodges like they used to. I always hear the men arguing over how each step should be done, and I am told that the operation went much more smoothly back when the women did it.

That first tipi set up very nicely, as most of the ones my mother makes do. But as soon as I started my work on the inside I discovered something that I had done wrong. In sewing my linings as rectangles I didn't take into account that the tipi is narrower toward the top than at the bottom. Since the linings hang like an inside skirt, mine were kind of stretched in odd shapes up to the main cord, tied from pole to pole, to which they were attached. Also, the linings were not long enough to go all the way around the tipi's inside. Toward the door we had only the tipi poles and the outside cover, which was like being in a house and having only the wall studs and the outside covering, without insulation or inside walls. My grandmothers kept their homes very simple, so that you can't really take away anything at all and still have an efficient unit. We had some very cold drafts coming into our tipi during our first camping experience in it.

It took two pickup truck loads to haul all our gear to the Sun Dance camp. My mother laughed about it and told me how easily and practically her grandmother always packed. In the years since then I have realized that it takes time to learn how to do these things right, even if they are part of a supposedly simple life-style. That is one of the challenges

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faced by us of the younger generations in trying to follow our traditional ways. We are used to having many comforts and know little about living with basics. In addition, the young people of the past grew up with these ways and didn't have to go about experimenting and making mistakes. These mistakes may be at the expense of safety and comfort for the whole family nowadays, which is why I think many Indians prefer modern ways over the traditional ones.

You can still see elaborate traditional tipi furnishings at such encampments as the Calgary Stampede, where prize money is awarded to the finest examples. But you seldom see such tipis being used by Indian families at Sun Dance or powwow encampments. For one thing, collectors of such old-style Indian articles have forced their value up so that many Indians cannot afford to buy them, or to keep them if they can make them at home. Such important traditional furnishings as buffalo robes and brass kettles are very hard to find, at any cost. Often the only tipis with open fires are those in which medicine bundles are kept. Even in these the cooking is usually done on a stove or in a nearby tent, with the fire saved mainly for making the required incense. Bedsteads and cots usually take the place of the old-time couches, so that there is no need or room for the tripods and backrests of the past. The old-time, central fireplace always guided traffic inside the tipi around in a circle—a part of the sacred circle that many people associate with this kind of life. Modern tipis don't have a special center, or a traffic direction, which can be very disorienting and uncomfortable for those used to the old ways, even while this is more efficient for many people today.

Old people who are no longer able to put up their own tipis like to be invited to visit in the tipis of others, especially those that are set up in the traditional way. Because we have a medicine pipe bundle in our household, our tipi is always required to have the basic traditional items such as central fireplace, altar, and backrests. My grandmothers like to come

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329 Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin) is one of the leading elders of the Blood tribe. At a recent Medicine Pipe ceremony he was asked by the ceremonial leader what he thought about the recording of sacred gatherings. This was his answer:

[178] You ask what I think of pictures and writings. I think it is very good to make a record of what goes on. Life is changing very fast. Soon these scenes will only be memories. The young people will never know how we operated our holy ways if they cannot see and read and hear these records that can be made today. We all have treasured photographs of our long-gone chiefs and relatives and camps. In the same way, our grandchildren will someday treasure a record of what things are still like today.

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made by each student. My family is fully devoted to this way of life. Our Teachers have passed much wisdom on to us, for us to live and grow with. Also for us to share. The ancient wisdoms are still with us only because they have been shared all along.

The actual writings in this book were mostly put down in 1972. Our Teachers were among the last wise ones of Blackfoot traditions. They felt that the ancient wisdoms should continue on, even though the young generations showed little interest in the required disciplines. The Old Ones accepted the arrival of this modern world, and they agreed that the time was right for making a permanent record, like this book, so that the future generations might yet benefit from the spiritual ways of their ancestors.

Two of our wisest Teachers were also relatives of our family. We traveled with them. We camped with them. We ate and prayed with them. We made incense and sang with them, many mornings and evenings, before going to sleep. The idea for this book originated with them, and grew because of their continuous faith and encouragement. Without the love and understanding of Willie Scraping White (Wolf Old Man) and Willie Eagle Plume (Prairie Owl Man) this book would not be.

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how to lead Medicine ceremonies. He also received many Teachings from his stepfather's friends and from his own neighbors, respected leaders like Sun Chief, Big Wolf, and Packs His Tail. The Old Man was one of the last of our People to know the Spirit of these ancient Teachings. For that reason he was happy to have me as "grandson" and student. It pleased him to know that many of those Teachings are now written down for people who are yet unborn. "I sometimes wonder," he told me, "why our Old People never learned to read and write their own languages, so that they could have passed on all their wonderful knowledge of the old-time world."

Wolf Old Man was noted among our People for his knowledge of herbs and his methods of doctoring. He was the last of our old-time doctors. However, it was his spiritual leadership of which he was most proud. He enjoyed telling about a recent incident that occurred while he was returning home from a holy ceremony held on the reservation of our Piegan division, in nearby Browning, Montana. It was Sunday evening, a time when some members of our reserve return home with U.S. spirits tucked under their car seats or stored in their stomachs. In Canada, liquor is not sold on Sundays. The car in which the Old Man was riding was filled with others who had gone to the ceremony. When they reached the Canadian customs office, the men in charge prepared to make their usual inspection. But when the chief inspector looked inside and saw the Old Man, he called out to his assistant, "It's alright, we don't have to check this one—he's the Indian Bishop!"

Some time before us, the Old Man had been Keeper of our Medicine Pipe Bundle for ten years. Most of the Teachings he passed on to us concern this Bundle. Although he was the oldest leader of Medicine Pipe ceremonies among our People, he never learned all the fifty-six songs that were sung during these ceremonies in the Old Days; his own Teacher, old Heavy Head, very slow and thorough, had passed away before finish-

caused an uncontrollable shaking in my body. In the darkness, I saw the laughing face of Apeso Machkan, my first spiritual master, who had passed away a couple of years earlier at the age of 116. He was telling me that I must learn something from what I had just experienced. Up to then I had been spending a great deal of time studying details of the Old Ways, but not how to apply those Ways. 114

In the time I knew the Old Man, he brought me far along the path of living a holy life. He showed me his footprints along the Old Way and inspired me to step into them wherever I could find them. Time passed too quickly for him to teach me all he knew—much of it passed on with him. Some of his knowledge concerned doctoring, about which he told me little. Some of his knowledge concerned songs and ceremonies to which I have never been properly initiated; and without proper initiation, those songs and ceremonies would be of no use to anyone. Even he had never been properly initiated for some of the songs and ceremonies he knew, so he did not speak about them to anyone. He told me that many of the Old Ways could no longer be put to use in this Changed World. His concern was only with saving those Ways that might help to inspire the People yet unborn to live with holiness. 123 [829]

Most important was the spiritual relationship the Old Man and I shared. The greatest Power he had was not so much in what he learned through initiation, or through information passed on to him from others, but in his ability to observe, absorb, and spiritually intuit many wordless things. The most Powerful exchanges that took place between us were often accompanied by complete silence. His Old People had given him their Spirits in the same manner. Theirs continued to grow with him as he got older, and that is how he wished for his Spirit to go on, as well. So the most Powerful legacy he has left is one essentially spiritual, one that lives with me each day of my life.

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ceived it from a South Piegan family to whom they had transferred a Natoas Bundle during a Piegan Medicine Lodge ceremony. This Beaver Bundle was last opened by old Calling Last. 778 [425]

Calling Last was our last Beaver Man. He owned the other Beaver Bundle still with us in 1965. It had been transferred to him many years before by a Blood man named Calling at Night. It was this Bundle that Calling Last sold to the Alberta Provincial Museum, and the one used in the transfer ceremony the museum recorded. [793] [425] [439] [432]

Although our People find it difficult to pray sincerely and communicate with the Spirit World in the presence of such physical distractions as cameras and nonbelieving persons, perhaps the Old People permitted this filming and recording because they were told that without such a record, young Bloods might never again see Beaver Bundle and Medicine Pipe ceremonies performed properly. [422] 779 796 177 829

In justifying the filming, Calling Last told the People, "The white men bought the Bundle. It's theirs. It belongs to them, if they want to take pictures."

Understandably, this recording of the museum's is regarded with mixed feelings by our People. Although it was simple for the recorder to pick up the words of the ritual, and later for someone to translate and write them down, how could a machine possibly absorb the true spiritual meanings of the ceremony? How could such a transcription really succeed, when there were numbers of outsiders, along with technicians adjusting lights, microphones, and cameras? And when the sacred place of honor, where the Beaver Man was supposed to sit, was occupied by an anthropologist representing the museum? Nevertheless, while this ceremony was almost totally without the Spirit of life in harmony with nature, we are fortunate to have a complete record of it. As things turned out, it was the last Beaver Bundle ceremony ever celebrated. Calling Last died shortly after this.

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ing the Crees. Those who escaped sought shelter in the nearby coulee and river bottom. They left everything behind in their camp except their women and children. 778 726

The invaders rounded up the Cree horses and looted the camp. One Spot's partner, Many Mules, saw the sacred Pipe wrapped up and hanging from a tripod. As he approached it, One Spot called out, "My friend, don't touch that sacred thing. Those Crees have a lot of Power that may kill you if you take their Medicine." Startled, Many Mules left the Pipe and went on to look for other trophies. Then One Spot went over to it, said a prayer and took the sacred Pipe for himself, calling out, "I am One Spot of the Bloods." 778 727 [829] [782]

The war party had captured many horses, clothing, and other goods. A large victory dance was held when the party returned. They had not lost a single member. One Spot cradled the sacred Pipe in his arms while others danced with their captured goods. But he left the Pipe on a tripod outside of his tipi; he did not want to risk the safety of his family by bringing the Cree Medicine inside.

A few days later, One Spot asked several holy men, old Medicine Pipe Owners and Beaver Men, what he should do with his new sacred Pipe. They advised him to go through a purifying ceremony to remove any bad Spirit the Crees might have cast upon it from a distance. A bunch of sage was gathered and mixed with buffalo meat, a traditional sacrament believed to have the Power to remove bad Spirits from anything. The sacrament was rubbed all over the Pipestem and One Spot's body while all the Old Men prayed. After that, One Spot kept the Pipe inside his tipi. 778 783 [789] [824] [237]

In order to take this sacred Pipe into our Medicine Pipe Ways, it was necessary to have it transferred to an Owner. Because One Spot had fulfilled his purpose by capturing the Pipe and bringing the party safely back home, he decided to give it to Many Mules. The basic materials for a Medicine Pipe Bundle were collected, and Old 778 425

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People made up the accessories and prepared the skins. Since no one knew the Pipe's Cree songs, our own Medicine Pipe songs were used for the traditional Blood ceremony. People who in the past had been given the rights for such sacred objects as topknots, tripods, Owner's necklaces, and so forth, were called upon to transfer those rights to the new Owner and his wife. 778 425

It has been said of the Cree Pipe that new Owners were never captured with it, and that the Pipe was always taken to fulfill vows. Because some of our People never lost their fear of the Power of the Crees, the Cree Pipe was not transferred often. The sacrifice payments were always less than for our other Pipes. [329]

A history of its past Keepers is not well known. One former Owner was Round Nose, who transferred it to Joe Young Pine. After him, it went to Charlie Wolf Plume. Among recent Owners were Jack Hind Bull, then Jim White Bull, and then Hind Bull's daughter, Mrs. Bill Heavy Runner. She gave the Pipe to old Bob First Charger. After his death it was transferred to the partnership of young Joe Chief Body and his adopted daughter, the present Owners. 778 793

Around 1910 several Bloods, including Dog Child and Sun Calf, came upon a Cree camp. They asked the Crees if anything was known about their old Pipe. One of them, Shot Many Times, spoke Blackfoot fairly well and was familiar with the Pipe. He said that his People received their first sacred Pipe from Sun. He had only heard about a few such Pipes, and their Owners were always brave men and holy leaders. At times their duty required them to unwrap the sacred Stem and walk between the lines of a battle in order to offer the symbolic "Pipe of Peace" to the two fighting groups. Many bloody battles were ended this way, but an occasional Pipe-bearer did not live to see the peace. 177 171

Shot Many Times also described some Cree customs with sacred Pipes. In daytime the Pipes were hung outside on tripods, and daily incense

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and that the grass would not grow very well. People then said the buffalo flowers would not grow tall and the buffalo would not be fat. Buffalo were said to get good and fat on the buffalo flowers. 821 825

When Sun paints both of his cheeks (when two Sun Dogs, or halos, show) the weather will turn very bad. When Sun paints his forehead and his chin as well as his cheeks (four Sun Dogs), it is a sign that a great man is going to die. 821 [763]

A rainbow during a storm meant that Thunder was roping the rain clouds and taking them somewhere else, so that the storm would soon be over.

Today the Old People say that signs of nature are difficult to read because of the ways that man has changed nature around. Atsitsina gives this example:

Oki, I used to hear the Old People say that when Night Light [Moon] is lying on her back that she is resting and that the weather will be good. My father would say, "She is lying back like a bowl and holding in all the rain water. When she is finished resting, she will make it cold or rain again."

When Night Light is standing all the way up, the Old People will say that she is mad. You better dress warm because it is going to get cold.

Now it is all different. These white men, they are bad. They fly to the moon and they have moved it. All things have changed. The weather is not like it used to be. The things that my father taught to me don't always work right anymore because things change in strange ways. That is not how things were made to be. 821 829

THE SEVEN BROTHERS

Our Old People thought of stars as the spirits of legendary People, and the names they endowed them with suggest these origins. Most of these legends have been forgotten, but three are still quite well known. Two concern the two groups of 821 [532]

[p.200-A]

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Lighter's Staff, and the Blackfoot Rider's Staff. 952
[George only painted for some of these Bundles.] 778
In one day I took four Medicine hats. My face 425
was painted and wiped and then repainted again, [302]
four times, as I went through four ceremonies in one day. [He means that when he was young, four different Medicine headdresses were transferred to him in one day. Thus, his parents spoiled [855]
their only child in a socially acceptable way.]

My father's name was Dog Child. My mother's name was The Only Handsome Woman; her other name was Catching Another Horse, but she was never called by that name. She was one of three sisters, and her mother said she was the only handsome woman. So that became her name. My father's name used to be Singing Amongst, but he changed that. My name was given to me from the war deeds of my uncle, Striped Wolf. He was the first one to ride a horse taken from the enemy. So I got the name First Rider. I didn't have the same name with my father. [Most of our People today carry the names of former relatives as their inherited family names. But they also have one or more personal, Indian names by which they are referred to in the Blackfoot language.] 159

I was born with long hair. My mother used 856
Indian perfume—boiled cedar needles—to wet [302]
my hair. That is why I got long hair.

I must have been about five years old when I [824]
was able to go riding on my own. 159

When I was a little boy I was taken to the [857]
Holy Lodge. I had two grandmothers [older female [852]
relatives, not necessarily biological grandmothers]. They each one gave me a Sun Dance necklace, [602]
my childhood property. I must have been eight [431]
years old when a horned Medicine headdress was given to me.

When I was thirteen years old I started riding 883
racehorses. I was sixteen years old when I started 526
to learn bronc riding. But soon my father made 159
me quit. He said, "There is no future in it. It is [829]
the white man's life. An Indian will compete in a

[p.234-R]

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[829]

rodeo but he will never be given the prize money."

One day a priest came to our place. He told my father, "Your son is a big boy now. He should go to school." My father told the priest, "I love my son. He is not going to school. If I put my son in school, the white men will teach him bad habits. They will teach him to drink whiskey and to steal and to cheat a person and how to gossip about people." The priest told my father, "In the future, people will all talk English and your son will be the only one that will not speak English." My father told the priest, "Our Indian life is not going to be extinct just yet. I am still standing on my Indian life, so my son will not be educated in the school." So that is why I didn't go to school.

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[829]

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[231]

I was a farmer. I had all the farm implements —a seeder, a plow, a binder, a cultivator, and a harrow. I didn't borrow these things because I knew the People didn't like me and wouldn't lend me anything. I bought what I needed. I had seven big wagons, two democrats [light wagons with seats], and a lot of workhorses.

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[273]

Then a bad habit came to me. I started drinking. My life was lonely. I stole a lot of things. I broke into a store and I stole tobacco and forty bottles of lemon extract [a popular and cheap substitute for liquor]. I stole and sold more than five hundred horses. I stole horses from the Blackfoot Reserve, from the North Piegan Reserve, and from the Blood Indians. The horses I didn't sell I slaughtered, and sold their skins. I would slip a rope around the horse's neck, then put a half-hitch around the nose over the nostrils and finally wrap the end of the same rope around the horse's hind legs. As the horse kicked, the rope tightened around its nose, and it suffocated itself. A suffocated horse stiffens up quickly. I skinned the horse and sold the hide for money to spend on liquor.

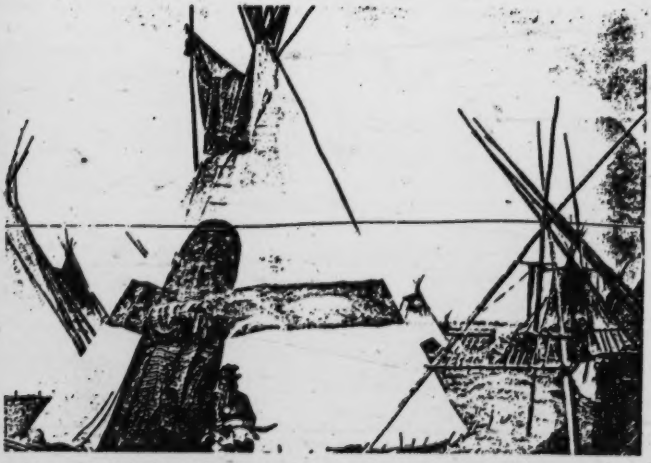
I sold stolen cattle and wheat. Stealing wheat, that was easy. I simply backed my wagon up to

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Canadian Blackfoot delegation that included Northern Axe, head chief of the North Piegans, and Crowfoot, head chief of the North Blackfeet, and his assistant, Three Bulls. Father Lacombe guided the delegation and served as interpreter. 622 648

The Blackfoot chiefs received attention wherever their train stopped. In Winnipeg, Manitoba, they were taken out to dine at that city's finest restaurant. After completing their meals, the chiefs sat down on the floor and relaxed while smoking a pipe. Newspaper writers and hordes of onlookers watching the group through the restaurant's windows thought the pipe-smoking quite a spectacle, while the restaurant's head waiter cringed at this show of "primitive behavior." Red Crow returned from this trip with the realization that there was no hope of returning to the Old Ways. His People listened with awe as he told them of the many wonders he had seen—tall buildings, big ships, and endless varieties of strange material goods. But they found it hard to imagine that the white people in the east were as countless as the buffalo used to be. 622 177 [829]

[p.238-C]



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Red Crow and his head wife in a Blood camp in the late 1800's. Some people today question the showing of sacred bundles in photographs, but the people of the past did not have such concerns. Red Crow's Medicine Pipe Bundle hangs over the doorway of his lodge. The ends of the Shawl are pulled back to expose parts of the Bundle on each end. At that time he was owner of this painted tipi design, known as the Single Circle Lodge. It now belongs to the South Piegans. To the right is a frame made of travois poles, which could be used as a rack to hang things from or as a frame for a sun shelter. (R. N. Wilson) [529]

[p.244-B]

The last wife of old Shot-on-Both-Sides, Long-Time-Pipe-Woman, was our chief's step-mother. 622

My real mother died when I was about ten or eleven. Her name was Drums-in-the-Water, and she belonged to the Knife Owners band. The only member of that band who is still living is that old lady whose father was the Negro interpreter, Dave Mills. My mother's brothers were Willie Wadsworth and old Weasel Moccasin. Nowadays I've got all kinds of relatives on the reserve, full bloods, half-breeds, and Negroes. [144]

His father had many sacred Medicines, including the Long-Time Pipe and Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. He belonged to the Horns nine times. 622 778 425 [575]

I was very young when things were first transferred to me, before I went to school. When I went to school I gave away my weasel-tail buckskin suit. Bob Big Sorrel Horse transferred it to me. I think he transferred a horned Medicine headdress to me also. When I went to school I just gave them away. I was crazy. I should have kept them. I just gave them to my friend, Leo Crazy Bull. I didn't transfer them. He never did go to school. [431]

The last thing that was transferred to the chief was the rights to the famous One-Horned Headdress. The original, lost in Europe during the First World War, was given to him by Big-Faced Chief, a North Piegan. Bear Shin Bone painted him for it. He also had the Children's Medicine Pipe once, and he belonged to the Pigeons Society twice. He said that he would like to attend our Nighttime ceremonies if he ever gets enough sacred songs to do so. At this time he is only allowed to sing twelve songs. [575] [533] [424]

I think the Old Indian Way is good for young people. That is why I am helping the Horns 829 771

to try and get their sacred Bundles back. A Medicine Pipe Owner we used to think was very holy. He dressed holy and acted holy. Nowadays they don't behave like the ones from the past. The People don't find them very holy any more. . . . But maybe things will get better again. If we start to live a holy life again, maybe there won't be so many deaths. In the past there were not many sudden deaths; the People lived in a holy way then. . . . In the Old Days the Old People often followed both religions. They liked to go wherever there was praying. Now not only the Indian religion is being forgotten, the white religion is falling the same way.

ALBERT CHIEF CALF

Two of our Old People who still attend every ceremony are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chief Calf. The old man was born in a tipi in 1895. He is known by his father's name, NinnaOnesta, or "Chief Calf"; his other name is Wrapped Up. His wife's name is Little Nice Face. The two make a distinctive couple on their daily walk through town—he is over six feet tall and sturdy-looking; his wife is quite short and plump. He usually wears an old black cowboy hat with an eagle plume attached; she always covers herself with a woolen shawl.

Although NinnaOnesta has attended ceremonies of our Old Ways all his life, he has been leading them for only the past few years. Last winter he alone led more Nighttime ceremonies than all the other leaders. He is always available for praying and is very easy to please and willing to please. He wears sunglasses because of his poor eyesight, which allows him to overlook details and distractions that would bother other leaders.

NinnaOnesta went on a number of raids during his young days, but like most of our Old People, he has said, "I can just talk about my raids when I am confessing them during holy ceremonies. I can't talk about them just any-

time." He went on his most notorious raid with the late Henry Standing Alone. They were discovered trying to steal horses and a gunfight followed, but no one was seriously hurt. 721 [784]

NinnaOnesta transferred his last Horns Bundle during the Sun Dance last year. He said he had had it for thirty-two years. He has also been a member of the Horns Society five times. "Being a Medicine Pipe Owner and belonging to the Horns both brought me a lot of happiness. They are both the same to me. You can see how many children and grandchildren I have around me. They were all raised safely because we took good care of our holy things. We raised our kids by them." 778 575 [855]

All winter long he looks forward to the return of Thunder. "I really enjoy Medicine Pipe ceremonies. I wait with happiness for Thunder to come so that I can get ready for the Pipe dances again. I really feel good going to them." He owned one Medicine Pipe Bundle for "many years." He said it was "the one that crazy Black Plume kid sold to that white man that's trying to get all our holy things away from us." 796 778 [439]

NinnaOnesta and his wife would like to see the Old Ways kept up properly by the young. "These young people that are trying to follow the Indian Way. It is very good. There is nothing at all wrong with it. It is very good for them." Asked if he had any advice to offer to young people, he replied; "If one of them will come to me for advice, I will tell them how to live. But no one has come to me, so far." 829

BOB BLACK PLUME

Apikayi, or "Skunk," is a short, little man in his mid-seventies who has a smile and handshake for anyone who passes him. Some of our People refer to him as "the preacher," because he is involved in all sorts of religious affairs, from Horns Society to Full Gospel and the Catholic Church. Perhaps to suit that title, he is usually well dressed in a 793 [291]

dark suit and white shirt, with a clean cowboy hat or a slouch cap over his pure white hair. 793 [291]

Apikayi was the son of old Black Plume and one of his wives, Black Horn, who had a number of white relatives. His full brothers include Dick Soup. His father's grandmother was a noted doctor. She used to apply a special skunk skin to the afflicted area of a patient's body. If the skin came alive, the person would survive and she would begin to doctor. If it did not come alive, she would know there was no hope. When Apikayi was young he was a very sickly child, so his great-grandmother used her sacred skin to check him. It came alive, so she told his parents that he would grow to become an adult. Later she gave him the skin, as well as the name.[A] He used to tie it to his braids, when he still had them. [144] 793 755 [237] [763] [551] [553] [301]

Apikayi was once a leader of our sacred ceremonies, but not this past winter, due to conflicts with some of our Old People. He has often been criticized for mixing up the songs of various ceremonies, and for leading ceremonies that were not actually transferred to him. He and several relatives sold their sacred Bundles, which made him unpopular. His active participation in various other religions added to his unpopularity. Here is what he says about all that: 793 558 156 [425]

I haven't quit going to our ceremonies for good, even though the People are saying that I have given up the Old Ways. That isn't true. I once had a dream that told me I would grow old by them. I was praying very hard and I left my body. I went far into the Above. There was a yellow-painted tipi there and I was invited in. The people in the tipi told me that I would live to be a hundred by keeping up my Old Ways and by leading all the ceremonies that I am asked to lead. I am looking forward to seeing if my dream will come true. I am still very healthy at my old age. 793 558 156 829 [787]

The reason why I have quit going to ceremonies lately is because some of the People don't

A.[i.e., the name Apikayi or "skunk"--Analyst]

treat me good. Some from Gleichen [North Blackfoot] asked me to lead the Medicine Lodge ceremony that they were going to give down here last summer. I told them that I would, because my relatives on both sides took part in Medicine Lodge ceremonies in the Old Days. One time I was in a restaurant in town and Wolf Old Man [our Old Man] came in and saw me. He came over and asked if it was true that I was going to lead the Okan. I told him it was. Then, right in front of everybody, he told me that I had no right to lead that ceremony and that I didn't know enough about it and might hurt others who were taking part in it. But that isn't true. I know most of the songs from it and I know what to do to lead it. He's just mad because his brother [Crow-Spreads-His-Wings] used to lead them and he studied for a long time before he could do it. I can open a Beaver Bundle, too, even though I never had one. My father had one and my wife's father [Tough Bread] had one and I learned the songs from them.

The reason my songs are different from everybody else's is that I had a different Teacher. Most of the ones who lead the Medicine Pipe ceremonies learned their songs from Heavy Head, but I learned them from Tough Bread. I'm the only one still living who learned them from him, so I'm the only one who sings them that way.

The reason why I sell my things is because I believe in the Old Ways. In the Old Days, when the Old People were asked for something holy they always gave it, they never held back, and I am the same way. The white men sometimes want the holy things much more than an Indian will want it, so I let them have it to make them happy. The Crow Beaver Bundle that I sold was not being used any longer by the People. My sons sold the Medicine Pipe and the Horns Society Bundle. They didn't ask me about it before they did it, so I am not to blame for that. I always pray for my family and for anyone that needs my prayers. I am not stingy with them. The Creator

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hears my prayers whether I say them at a Night-time ceremony or at the Catholic Church or during a Full Gospel meeting. I am not shy to pray any place. That is how I live. 793 558 156 829 [782]

MARK OLD SHOES

Mark Old Shoes, or Rusty Boy, is probably the youngest and healthiest of our Old People. He is learning to lead some of the ceremonies, mainly our Nighttime ceremonies and Medicine Pipe Bundle openings. He is also head Weather Dancer on the Blood Reserve, in case there is ever another Medicine Lodge ceremony. 793 [535]

Mark's father was the famous warrior Morning Writing, who was registered on the agency rolls by his earlier name, Old Shoes. Morning Writing raised his children in the Old Way and did not allow them to go to school. When Mark was twelve years old, his father died and he was sent off to school, where they forced him to cut his braids. Since then he has always worn short hair. [551] [871] [177] [302]

Mark has been a member of the Horns Society three times, once as a bachelor and twice with his wife. The first time he joined as partner to the Owner of one of the leaders' staffs. At later times he owned the Staff-with-a-Rattle and the Headdress-with-an-Arrow-in-Front. As he looked through the photographs of past scenes he had some comments: "I find it strange how much everything has changed. For instance, in those days the Old People all allowed their pictures to be taken at the Sun Dance. Now, if anyone is seen with a camera, the Horns will sure get after him." 575 [425] 829 178 [784] [575]

Like many of our Old People, Mark has much faith in the new Horns to help keep our Old Ways alive. He has said, "I think that as long as the new Horns really believe in what they are doing, our Old Ways will keep going. Young people didn't care much about the Old Ways, lately, when it was just us Old People. But now a lot of young people are thinking about trying to join us. 829 575 [182] [178] [P. 335-B]

lot of young people are thinking about trying to join in." 000

Mark was greatly disappointed when the Long-Time Pipe was sold to the Provincial Museum. His brother-in-law, George Long-Time Squirrel, wished to become Keeper of the ancient Pipe, so he sent Mark to see John Red Crane, because the two were related. Mark said, "It sure [439] 778 432 829

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Mark Old Shoes, in the center, as the head Weather Dancer during the Medicine Lodge ceremonies. In the foreground is the Old Man, who was then his Teacher for the sacred duty. On the other side of him is old Heavy Head, dressed and painted just as he was some sixty years earlier when he underwent the self-torture. Each Medicine Lodge dancer must dress the same way as first instructed by his Teacher. Thus, the Old Man and Mark are both wearing shirts, with blankets wrapped around their waists. (Mark Old Shoes Collection) [869]

[p.336-A]

was hard for me to go back to my brother-in-law and tell him that he couldn't take the ancient Pipe because that white man was going to take it to Edmonton." He added, "It was just as hard for me when John Red Crane asked me to drum for him at the transfer. I didn't believe in it at all, but by the rules of our Old Ways, I couldn't refuse. He was my relative and I knew the songs. I lost my son not long after that. Just about everyone who was at that transfer suffered some misfortune soon afterwards, especially John."

Mark's father-in-law was old Long-Time Squirrel. He died while he was still Owner of the Different-People Pipe. At that time his son was not prepared to take the Pipe, so Mark's mother-in-law asked him if he would take it, since it could not stay in the home where a member of the family had died. So Mark and his wife took it to their home, and had it transferred to them during the following Sun Dance.

Mark is the Weather Dancer as the result of a relative's dream. A woman named Prairie Chicken Calling was visited by a holy man while she was sleeping. The holy man pointed into the distance and asked, "Do you recognize that man over there?" The man was Mark, dressed as a Weather Dancer. The holy man said, "I am telling you that if that man becomes the Weather Dancer and devotes himself to his duties, he will have a long life."

The woman told Mark about her dream. She said, "Please pity me, relative, and do as my dream instructed." Mark spoke to the Old Man, who was then the Weather Dancer. The Old Man agreed to transfer his rights during the next Sun Dance. Mark has been Weather Dancer at three Sun Dance ceremonies so far. He said, "That's the most Powerful thing that I have, now. It's my life, and I will live by it so that I can reach old age."

[p. 336-B]

GUY WOLF CHILD

Guy Wolf Child, at ninety-two years, is usually the oldest dancer at our ceremonies. Until a couple of years ago, he came to the dance circle dressed in only a breechcloth and moccasins, his face and body painted, and carrying two or three large willow hoops so that he could do one more encore of the old hoop dance. He used to keep up to six hoops moving on each of his arms and legs, as well as one on his head, each hand, and waist.

Today, Guy Wolf Child is white-haired and blind. He usually sits quietly in the corner of a room and tries not to trouble anyone. If there is any sign of drunkenness, he asks to be escorted outside and away from the house. When we came to see him, he was thrilled to have company. He made sure he knew who everyone was, and said, "When we meet we shake hands. That is the way we have relatives. That is the only way that I will know them now." We told him about the nice photo of his father, old Wolf Child, and he asked if we had it with us. He told us, "Lay it in my lap so that I can at least touch the picture of my father, since I can no longer see it."

We asked him what thoughts about the past made him happy, and he replied as follows:

I always enjoy thinking about the past, back when I was young and could dance good. I don't remember the times before I went to school too well. I don't know how long I was in school, but I remember that when I came out, the modern life had started. Things already seemed very modern to me. I used to do all kinds of work for different white men, they used to treat us pretty good back then.

All things are different today. In the Old Days we all wore leggings, only lately they started to wear pants. Even the Sun Dances are different today. Everyone used to get together for them when I was younger. We used to play a game with

Today, Yellow Horse Rider lives with his family in a modern home on the same land his father owned, at the south end of the Belly Buttes near the Belly River. Except for singing at summertime powwows and at an occasional Medicine Pipe ceremony, he is very shy and quiet. So many sacred things have been transferred to him that he can sing the required sixteen songs at our Nighttime ceremonies. But he says he does not like to attend unless the sponsor of the ceremony specifically asks him to. This is a traditional custom. 156

Yellow Horse Rider has said, "I live the Indian Way. That is the Way in which I was raised and it is the only Way I know how to live. I only do those things that I am meant to do, and I try very hard to do them right. I have a lot of children. If I don't treat my Indian Ways right, it might hurt them." 829 [784]

JOE YOUNG PINE

About ten years after the last real war party, one of old Young Pine's two wives gave birth to a son, whose name became Joe Young Pine. He is known today as Dog-With-a-White-Spot, one of his father's names. He is most often seen around the reserve while traveling in the ditches next to the roads. That is because he is one of the last to use a team and wagon. Here is what he says about that simple method of travel: 156 [551]

Very few people on this reserve had an automobile when I first got one. I was still young, then. Now that most everybody has at least one auto or truck, I'm back to using my team and wagon. I like it real well. I'm never in a hurry and I always have time to stop and visit with whoever I want to. I don't just go by in a cloud of dust. Of course, I like it because it's cheap, too. I never have to worry about gas money or oil changes or stuff like that. When there's any drinking going on around the house I don't have to 829 493 [273] [164]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Joe Young Pine, around 1915. He cut his braids shortly before going to Australia. To his right stands Ernest Brave Rock, brother of Mrs. Wadsworth. Seated before them is the wife of Joe's older brother, Black Sleeps. (Joe Young Pine Collection)

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worry about somebody taking off in my car and wrecking it. That used to happen a lot. [164]

I used to race chuckwagons at all the rodeos and stampedes. In 1939 I was one of the fellows that was sent to Australia from this reserve. We [273] [541]

[p. 339-A]

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There are, however, one or two instances of wealthy men letting a child of theirs go to another family and several more instances where the families were of average wealth and quite able to care for their children. On one occasion, wealthy parents had had bad luck in raising children and let their latest child go to give him a chance of survival. For the same reason the son of a chief was adopted by a neighbor who was not a relative, who had no children and wanted one. In yet another instance the wife of a fairly wealthy man had twins, a boy and a girl, and the father's older brother adopted the son when he was about four months old. The two children, now over 20, do not yet know they are twins.

In one case where the mother had some property and was asked to allow the child to be adopted she deliberated a long time and finally said,

> "You have come to take my child away from me. But you must promise that you are going to look after the boy in every way. You know that the father died and there is no one to look after us. Now you can take the boy and I'll give you two horses, a gray and a gelding, both broken. I'll give you these horses so that you will look after the boy in every way."

She further added that if the child should be unhappy he must be brought back. In a few days he was returned to his mother and she said that they were to keep the horses, even though the child had come back. Apparently it is customary, in the few cases where property has been exchanged, not to return this if circumstances demand the return of the child.

BAND AFFILIATIONS

At one time the Blood were associated in bands, but when they settled down to sedentary life on the reserve, changes occurred and the functioning of the bands was disrupted. At the present time band association is a tenuous thing. Some of the younger people do not even know to which band they belong. However, most of the Blood are conscious that such a grouping does exist. Apparently band affiliations are not considered in the question of adoption, at least nowadays. Often times, of course, a child does go to a family of its own band, but this is due to the frequency of adoptions by close relatives, rather than a desire to keep the child in the band. Whether the adopted child belongs to the band of his father or of his foster father is uncertain.

539 stay put, and so the riders passed and the three friends were saved.

The patch of brush in which Calf Robe and the bear and the coyote were hiding was not far from Akáhpyoyist [Many Houses: Fort Benton]. There was a Piegan camp nearby, and Calf Robe made it safely to the camp. That night, the people in the camp could hear the coyote and the bear howling, but Calf Robe told them not to harm the animals but to take them food because they had saved his life. So the people of the camp took food to the bear and the coyote.

The bear and the coyote stayed in the patch of brush for quite some time. Then finally one day the bear left, and pretty soon after that the coyote left too.

The young people of the tribe do not know this story, but the old-timers know it. Old Chewing Black Bones knows this story, and if you ask him he will tell you that it is a true story.

538 I had become so engrossed in the linguistic aspect of these stories
122 that it was not until the story-telling was completed and we were all enjoying a hot drink that I paused to give full thought to the philosophical side of the narratives. "Do you really believe everything in these stories?" I asked Jim, and Jim really caught me with
● [829] my cassock down by suggesting, with polite obliqueness, the phenomenal character of a prominent Christian dogma. "Well," he said, "I telling: my wife comes 'round tells me she's knock-up by a god, there's going be a big trouble in my house, I think."

515 methods and will not adopt (or are ignorant of) modern methods. The Chief says that in the old days the Blackfoots observed a very rigid course of personal hygiene including, for all men and boys, a daily morning bath, summer or winter, in cold water. This cold plunge, which often required that a hole be chopped in the ice, was believed by the Blackfoots to toughen them against extremely cold weather and to build their resistance to various winter ailments. The [342] Chief says that it worked, too, and that when the Blackfoots were [352] allowed to exist in their traditional manner--living in teepees which [262] were lined, and floored with furs, and snug as a jug, and eating their [164] customary diet of meat supplemented with a variety of esculent [177] wild fruits, berries, roots and tubers--such disorders as pneumonia and the common cold were almost unheard of. But then came the White Man a-wooing with his plea of "Let me take all this away from you." And that is exactly what he did.

177 The Chief remembers the old days very well, and his voice took on an understandably bitter edge as he explained the extent to which the White Man's senseless slaughter of the buffalo destroyed [262] the Blackfoot way of life. Other game could not even begin to meet the food needs of the Plains Tribes. With the buffalo gone the Indians were forced to accept the refined foods of the White Man; with no buffalo hides with which to build lodges, the Indians were forced to live in smoky, unventilated wooden shacks. Consequently, [164] the Indians began to suffer terribly from such diseases as pneumonia, appendicitis, tuberculosis and trachoma. Additional gifts from the Whites in the form of alcohol and small pox conspired with [161] other catastrophes to reduce the Blackfoots, once the most populous and powerful of all Plains Tribes and believed by some historians to have numbered at one time over forty thousand, to fewer than five thousand souls. The Indian was robbed of the natural resources and the *lebenscraum* that were his rightful heritage, and then he was denied the wherewithal and the knowledge--and the *motivation* --to live any other kind of life.

177 The White attitude toward the Indian has from the first suggested all the inherent immorality of a pay toilet (what do you do if you 829 don't have a dime, use a potted palm?), and brother Jim summed up the situation in a deliciously succinct five words. Jim's phrasing may be open to question, but I found myself unable to challenge the validity of his conclusion when he said, "They goosed the gold egg."

136 Despite the extensive research I have done with regard to the extermination of the great buffalo herds, I still find the facts in-

122 *11:00:* Jimmy just came in with an armful of wood and said, "Goddam! It's a cold outside! Guess I got wear cap today." He asked me whether I had seen his hat, but he said it in Blackfoot and I didn't understand him at first because instead of using the word for hat (*ist-tsim-o-kahn*) with which I am familiar, he used "*o-toh-kahn-o-kós-toh-mok*," which refers specifically to a cap or hat which has a round shape. He was right about it's being "a cold outside," though; I know because a short while ago I borrowed the Chief's overshoes and went down for two buckets of water. The butane tank is empty, but there is a wood fire going in the kitchen and it is nice and warm in there and as soon as my water heats I am going to take a bath. The wind is really strong outside, blowing the snow almost horizontally.

Night: Well, I'm clean! While the Chief dictated a letter to Jim (for me to type up), I took a bucket bath—what my old Texas friend, Cap Fowler, calls a "possible" bath. Cap described the procedure as follows: "First you wash down as far as possible; then you wash up as far as possible; and then you wash possible."

After lunch the Chief wanted to go to town, but when he stepped out onto the porch and felt the power of that wind he changed his mind. So instead he seated himself in a chair and sang some of his [533] old war songs, accompanying himself by pounding on the floor with [538] his cane, and the war songs put him in a story-telling mood so I [126] turned on the recorder and the Chief expounded in detail the preparations which the Blackfoots made for going to war. He began ● 829 by remarking that the White Man has done a magnificent job of misinterpreting and misrepresenting the Plains Indian culture. As Jimmy interjected, "Always make Indians look like bunch damn [546] fools." This phase of discussion arose from the fact that the film, [522] *Chief Crazy Horse*, is coming to the local flick. Indian films, and [301] other comedies, are quite popular on the Reservation, and the older Blackfoot ladies are especially titillated by the fact that the movies always portray an Indian maiden wearing a beaded headband with 562 a feather sticking in it. The beaded headband is itself both con- 30 temporary and ersatz, and it was at one time considered indecent 237 of an Indian woman to adorn herself with feathers. The Sun Dance Holy Woman wore a small plume tied at one side of her head, and Blackfoot women frequently did (and still do) wear their husband's or boy friend's hats while the menfolk are dancing, but certainly no Plains Indian woman in the old days went around with an eagle feather sticking up behind her head.

721 Considering the relative lateness of his appearance upon the

122 538 about the Chief's early life, I learned instead why it is that so many ethnologists and anthropologists are a bit buggy.

THE TIME I CUT THE SUN DANCE POLE

159 555 The Chief's next story consisted of the following statement:

> At the time I was chosen to cut the centerpole for the Medicine Lodge at the Sun Dance [a very great honor, granted only to warriors of outstanding achievement] I recited the following war honors:
>
> I took the scalp of a Cree.
>
> I stole all the horses of Little Shield, a Gros Ventre, and brought them back to Canada. [Not to be confused with the Blackfoot war chief named Little Shield.]
>
> I shot a horse from under Night Eagle, a Chippewa chief.
>
> One of our men got left behind during a war party against the Crows, and I went back and saved his life.

The maddening aspect of this little narrative was that any one of these events, if told in detail, would undoubtedly be a much better story than the others the Chief told me tonight. But he did not elaborate upon these achievements, and I dared not ask him to.

538 [829] [126] The Chief, as always, was obviously more interested in reciting the old traditional Blackfoot tales than in telling of his personal adventures; he is saddened by the fact that very few of today's Blackfoot youngsters display even the faintest interest in the old legends, and he wants me to record them so that they will not be lost to future generations. During the evening he remarked that the man who is "buying stories" around town is not getting anything for his money but a bunch of tall tales. I believe this, because the Chief and Chewing Black Bones, a Piegan nearly as old as the Chief, are the only ones left who really know the old stories. Old Chewing Black Bones is a bitter old warrior who has very little use for the White Man; he will speak with Father Mallman, with a young White man whom he has adopted as the Chief has adopted me, and with a few other Whites whom he has learned to trust, but for a strange White man to attempt to approach him would be entirely fruitless. And neither the Chief nor old Chewing can be bought.

[861] The Chief explained that he learned the old traditional and his-

461 is postulated that this is because the contemporary separate specializations do not fit the pattern of their traditional cultural models. For example, Priest-Clergy was called too moral and standing in the way of the good life. In the past, as power pervaded all aspects of Blood life, the religious functionary could benefit in military, economic, and social areas, and was not called upon to give up worldliness. In regard to Doctor, the medical practitioners of the past were not always generous with their services as are the doctors of today who are employed by the Indian Affairs Branch in the Blood Indian Out-Patient Clinic. Neither were they necessarily responsible for their cures (the cure was effected by a supernatural agent who was solicited for aid by the [829] functionary). Finally, Politician is looked upon by the young Blood of today as untrustworthy and authoritarian. In the past political figures could only lead through generosity, and were compelled to strive to maintain the good will of their "constituents."

757 461 This confusion can be partially illustrated by referring to some informant comments on the subject. Comparing Doctor to Medicine Man:

> (M. M.) I don't know about that. I don't know exactly what medicine men do. I wouldn't know if he's curing me or not. I know my grandfather tells me that I pretty near got lost [died], but he was the one to cure me.

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older. Cutting people up, making an operation, it's too risky. You have to be patient with your patients, which I haven't got.

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Similar analogies are available between Politician and Chief Making (Investiture). The same son of the medicine man had this to say:

(Polit.) How do you call this? Politics. No, I won't be a chief or . . .

(Ch. M.) I'm not old enough for that. (Question--Good idea?) I don't know.

Another younger man said:

(Polit.) I wouldn't want to be a politician. I haven't got any . . . If I do, I don't think I'll know what to do.

(Ch. M.) I don't want to be a chief. There are too many things to do, too many people depend on you. If you don't help them they will go against you. I don't want to be a councilor because I can't stand up on a stage, too shy.

and the reverse of the above,

(Polit.) I don't know nothing about it. I don't like it. That's what everybody is doing on the council; trying to force somebody to do something. Some are good; some are no good.

(Ch. M.) I don't know nothing about it. I don't want to go on that stand, be seen, put that wig on. I'm shy that's all.

and a highly acculturated young man,

(Polit.) I know I haven't got the education. . . . I started too late. Political affairs are too much trouble; too much hardship involved--a lot of disappointment.

(Ch. M.) If this is a member of the council--I wouldn't want to be him. They pull mostly for them-

55: Fisher E-5 (1962-1963) 1983 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

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selves. People think all the councilors are like that. I wouldn't want that.

These contrasts between Doctor and Medicine Man and between Politician and Chief Making are interesting. There are definite and essential differences between each member of both pairs, particularly in reference to the newer white or western manifestations of the professions. However, there are marked continuities in thought between all of them. These similarities reside in the conceptualization of power and ability, or in relation to education and/or experience and [557] ability. Also, in the preceding quotation, the manipulation and direction of people is seen in both the modern and traditional realms as distasteful. The confusion and uncertainty of the informants in relation to Doctor and Politician are related to the mixed conceptualization of these activities. The young Blood see the activities of modern doctors and politicians as analogous to the functions and occupations of the traditional tribal leaders, generous men to whom one could go for political, economic, and social favors or for supernatural intervention.

461 This latter aspect brings us back to the topic of Priest-Clergy. Here the relationship between the modern role [765] and the traditional role is reversed. It was noted that the medicine man of the past did not necessarily forego the good